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AUGUST 2023

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50 QUESTIONS WITH JULIA ANN

COVER BEAUTY
KYLIE ROCKET

MEDICAL QUACKERY
JOURNEY TO THE FRINGES OF AMERICAN MEDICINE

BIG JAY OAKERSON
TALKS BUSH & *BEAVER HUNT*

+

ARIA VALENCIA
EYLA MOORE
MADISON SUMMERS
MIKAH TIA
CARLITA RAY
MONA AZAR
BAMBI BARTON
& RILEY REIGN

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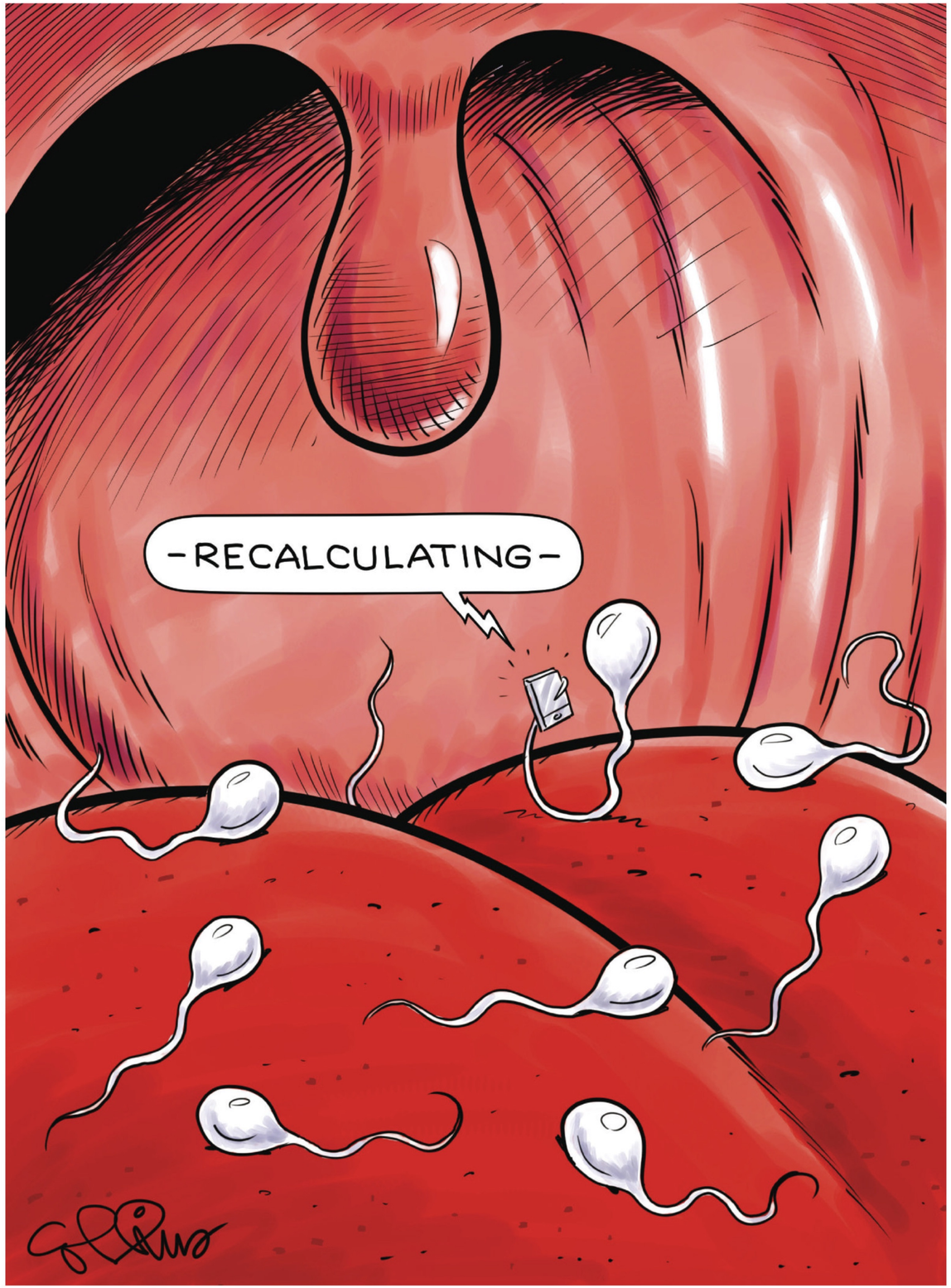

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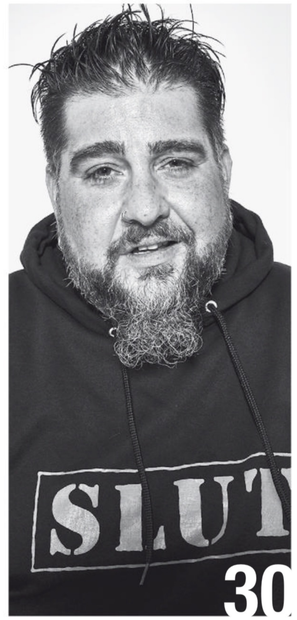

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ABOLISH THE DEATH PENALTY!

Recently I listened to Andy Wilson and Maurice Hastings describe the 31 and 38 years, respectively, they spent in prison for murders they did not commit. Had they been given the death penalty, rather than life in prison, these innocent men would likely be dead. I was attending a Death Penalty Focus fundraiser, and at the evening's end, all of the wrongly convicted, exonerated attendees stood—in that one room, nearly 270 years had been stolen from the innocent.

My husband battled for an end to the death penalty. In fact, he believed in the cause so strongly that he fought to prevent the execution of Joseph Paul Franklin, the serial killer who shot him in 1978 and left him in a wheelchair. He did not believe the death penalty was a deterrent to crime or that the state should be in the business of killing.

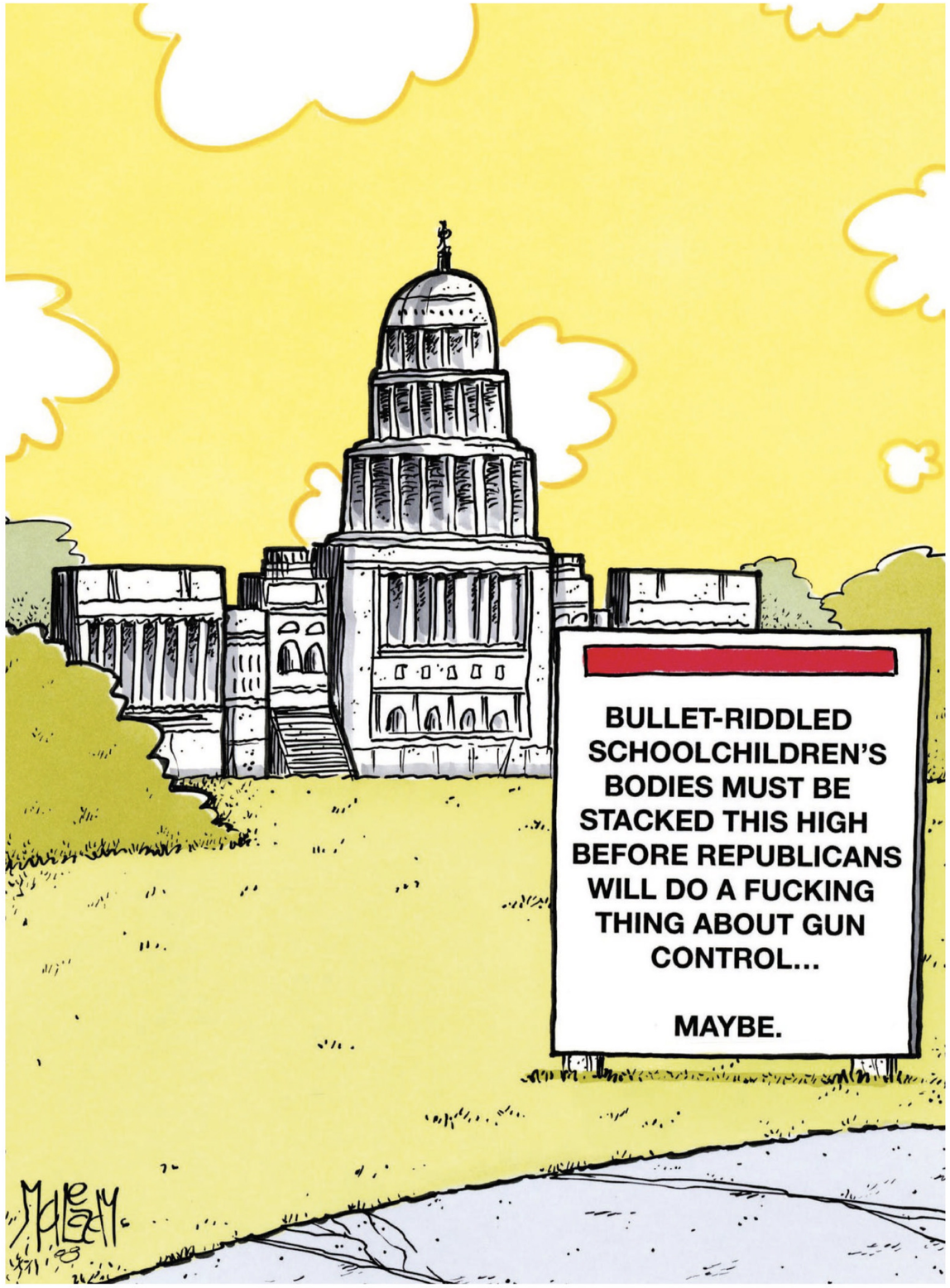
In 2015 Larry wrote, "I believe in the continuing progress of civilization, and that means sweeping this barbaric practice into the dustbin of primitive history, along with slavery and witch burning."

The United Nations General Assembly adopted a resolution in 2020, for the eighth time, calling for a global moratorium on the death penalty. Yet the United States joins dictatorships like North Korea, China, Iran and Saudi Arabia in continuing state-sponsored executions.

The situation in America is improving. Though 27 states still have capital punishment as a legal penalty, only four have put that penalty into practice this year. As of press time, 12 inmates have been put to death in 2023 in Missouri, Oklahoma, Florida and, to no one's surprise, Texas. All are states led by far-right Republican governors who selectively believe in the right to life, railing against abortion while at the same time sending individuals to the death chamber—at a cost of nearly a million dollars each, *more than the cost of incarcerating a federal prisoner for 25 years*, according to the ACLU. And though there are fewer executions today, there are still close to 2,500 prisoners on death row across the States.

America must come together to abolish the death penalty now! Consider the fact that since 1973, at least 190 people who had been wrongly convicted and sentenced to death in the U.S. have been exonerated. Are you really willing to execute the innocent?

Liz Flynt
Publisher



START THE STEAL

A CRITICAL BATTLEGROUND STATE LEAVES ITS DOORS WIDE OPEN TO FRAUD AND DOUBT IN THE 2024 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

At this point it seems like the Republicans who run Georgia are begging for disaster. In truth, this story began around 2002, when Georgia and Maryland became the first states to mandate statewide use of 100%-unverifiable touchscreen voting machines. It took more than a decade, but Maryland wised up and dumped the expensive computerized ballot-marking devices in favor of hand-marked paper ballots, which, after an election, can be relied upon to reflect the intent of voters.

More than 20 years later, however, the Peach State has yet to get the picture—even after Joe Biden's 2020 Presidential victory there was so narrow that Donald Trump tried to strong-arm GOP Secretary of State Brad Raffensperger to "find 11,780 votes" to steal Georgia's electoral votes. (To Raff's credit, he didn't, but that's where his credit begins and ends.)

In 2019 a federal judge ordered Georgia to ditch its Diebold touchscreen voting machines after a lawsuit revealed them to be so unverifiable and insecure as to be unconstitutional for use in elections.

Instead of inexpensive, verifiable and secure hand-marked paper ballots, Raffensperger proceeded to commit $150 million to replace the Diebold machines by 2020 with touchscreens manufactured by Dominion Voting Systems. As warned, the new devices were found to be arguably as vulnerable to manipulation as the ones they replaced.

On behalf of the plaintiffs who won the case to scrap the old machines, Dr. Alex Halderman—a preeminent cybersecurity and voting system expert—was allowed to examine Georgia's new election system. His findings were so alarming that U.S. District Judge Amy Totenberg immediately sealed them.

Halderman's discoveries remain under seal, but the University of Michigan computer science professor summarized his findings. He specified that, among other concerns, malicious code can be installed into Georgia's new machines to steal votes, and a separate vulnerability could allow a voter to print *multiple* ballots with little or no likelihood of detection.

(I'll note here that, despite all of Team Trump's false claims, zero evidence of fraud or manipulation that could have changed the results of the 2020 Presidential election has ever been discovered.)

Eventually the U.S. Cybersecurity and Infrastructure Security Agency (CISA) got wind of the analysis. Although plaintiffs are still barred from reviewing Halderman's full report, Judge Totenberg permitted a review by CISA, which oversees the nation's critical infrastructure, including computerized election systems. In June 2022 the agency issued an alarming "advisory" citing "vulnerabilities...that should be mitigated as soon as possible."

CISA recommended immediate upgrades to both physical and software security, which Dominion completed and had federally certified for use in March 2023. Then came a remarkable mid-May hearing during which—as Marilyn Marks, executive director of plaintiff Coalition for Good Governance, told me—there were "gasps in the courtroom."

Judge Totenberg asked Bryan Tyson, an attorney representing the state, if the "Secretary of State's office implemented CISA's recommendations" for the Dominion systems.

Tyson's response stunned the room. After hours "with the technical staff in the Secretary's office" and "hearing from folks with Dominion," he explained, upgrades to the state's 35,000 vulnerable touchscreen voting machines—and more than 35,000 printers, tabulators and election management computer systems needed to make them work—would not begin until 2025. That's *after* the next Presidential election!

"The upgrade process is a very intensive multi-step process that involves multiple pieces of media, multiple components," Tyson conceded, "and it involves touching every piece of the election system."

"2025?!" Marks exclaimed as she described the reaction in the Atlanta courtroom. "Immediately everyone thought, *Presidential election, Georgia swing state.* We will have no way of knowing who won!"

She added, "Don't forget how much of a tinderbox Georgia was after the 2020 election. It was a key part of the tinderbox that led to the [January 6, 2021] insurrection. We're asking for it again."

Marks surmised that a central reason for delaying the critical, CISA-recommended upgrades is the enormous cost to taxpayers of new software for every touchscreen in the state. As Tyson told the judge, each one "has to have three different pieces of media installed to complete the upgrade."

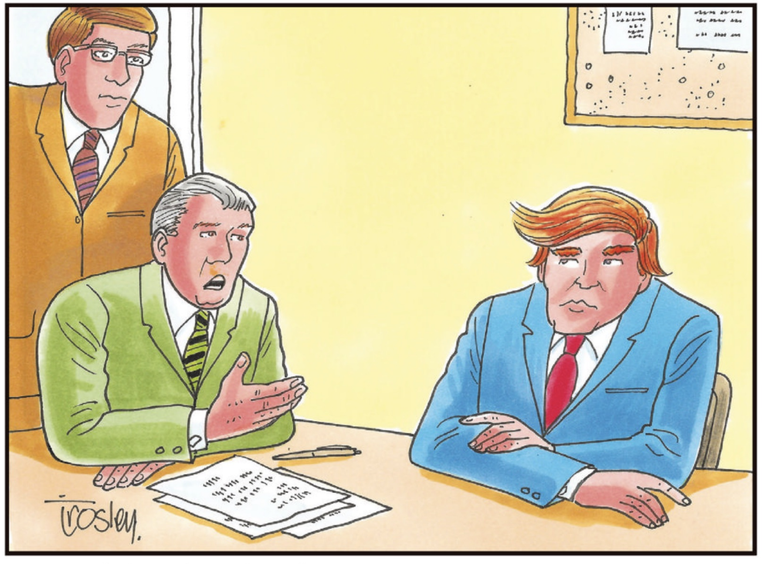
Georgia's GOP-controlled legislature recently rejected a Raffensperger request for just over $4 million to replace backup batteries in the otherwise brand-new systems. Meanwhile, Marks estimated that upwards of $75 million would be needed to make the new machines somewhat safer to use next year, even if still far less safe than hand-marked paper ballots.

Marks also told me, "We're not even beginning to talk about warranty costs, maintenance costs, printer costs and all that this system involves when we're talking about a substitute for a ballpoint pen."

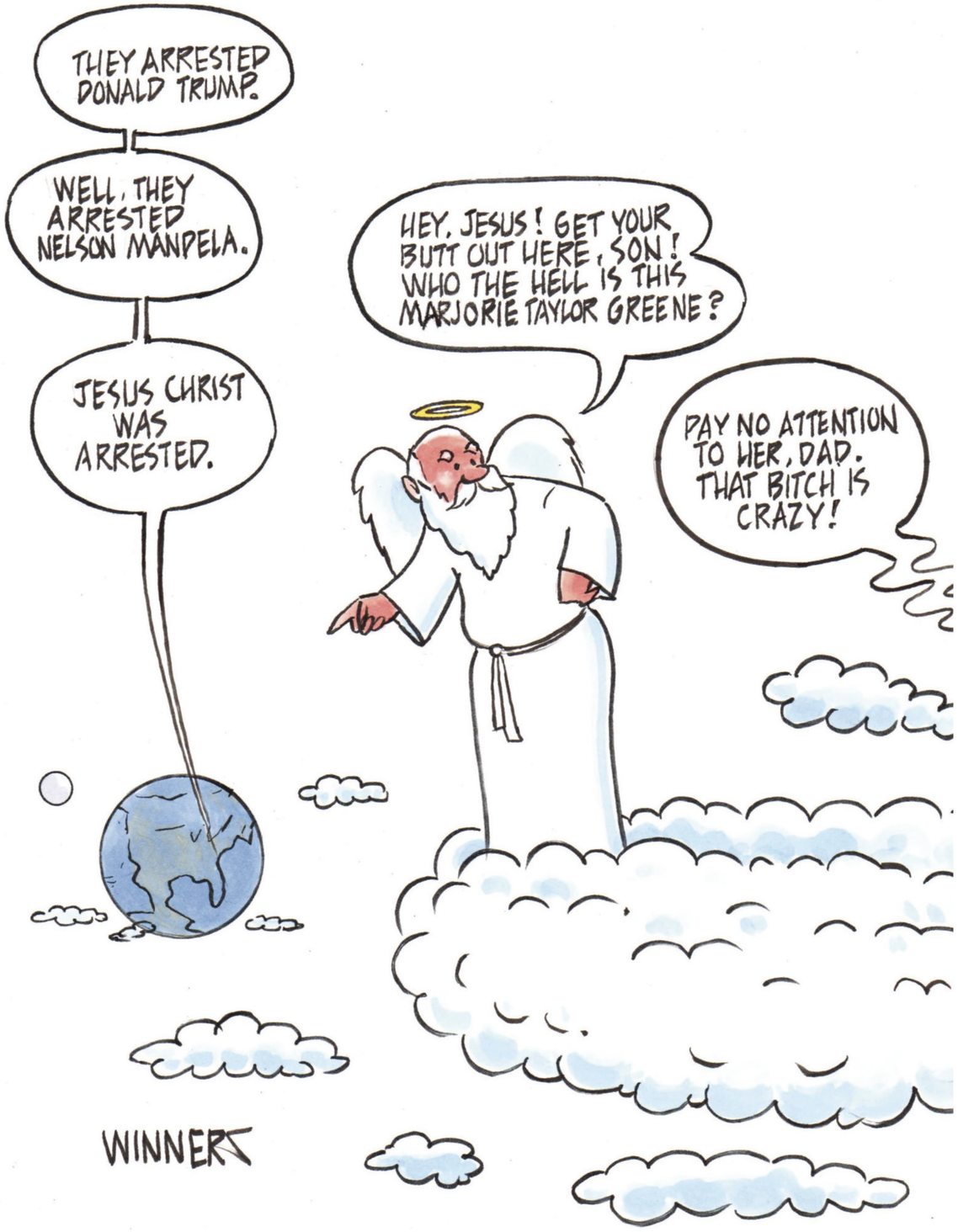
Yup. All of this for insecure computers to mark paper ballots that voters in almost every other state do with a simple ink pen.

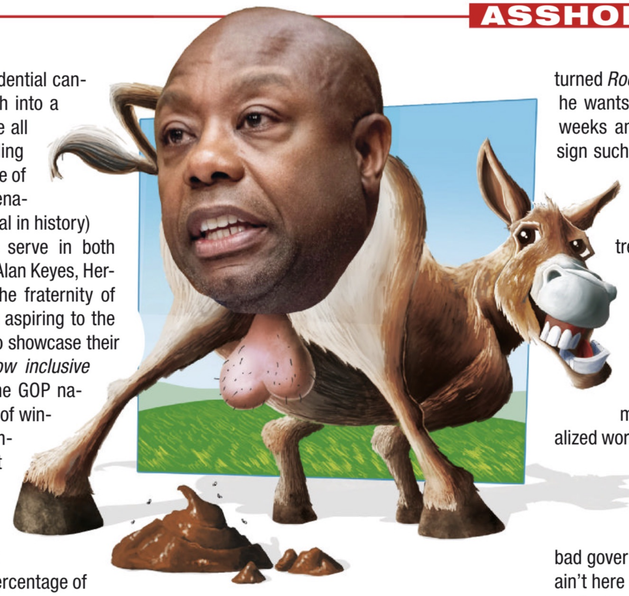
In the more than 20 years since Georgia foolishly moved to computerized voting—and three years since a sitting President tried to steal its election—Peach State Republicans haven't learned a damned thing, and you can bet MAGA has noticed. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* **(BradBlog.com)**.



"The only technicality we can get you on, Mr. Trump, is the fact that you're so fucking guilty."





TIM SCOTT

The GOP clown car of Presidential candidates will have to stretch into a limo soon to accommodate all of the long-shot hopefuls crowding the race, including Tim Scott, one of only three current Black U.S. senators (there have been only 11 total in history) and the only Black person to serve in both chambers of Congress. He joins Alan Keyes, Herman Cain and Ben Carson in the fraternity of African American conservatives aspiring to the White House. Republicans love to showcase their few Black candidates—*look how inclusive we are!* Given the realities of the GOP national base, Scott has little hope of winning the nomination and becoming the Republicans' Obama. But like the others, he soldiers on nevertheless, with the VP position a definite possibility. And as Trump's or DeSantis's running mate, he could draw a certain percentage of votes from the Democratic ticket.

Scott does have an appealing story to tell, although some of the details have proven a little fuzzy. He was born in North Charleston, South Carolina, to parents who divorced when he was seven, leaving his mother to provide for the poor family by working 16-hour days as a nursing assistant. "We lived in a two-bedroom house with my grandparents…me, my mom and my brother sharing a room and a bed," he says. His grandfather had to leave school in the third grade to pick cotton for 50 cents per day and never learned to read and write, he claims. But *Washington Post* fact-checker Glenn Kessler dug up public records going back many decades and discovered documents indicating that both Scott's great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather could read and write. Scott did acknowledge that the latter owned 900 acres of land in South Carolina, although Kessler could find records for only 170 acres; whatever the case, that's still a lot of land, much more than the average American's ancestors owned, and it undercuts Scott's portrayal of his family as mired in unbroken illiteracy and poverty ever since slavery.

Young Tim floundered for a while, flunking most of the courses in his first year of high school, but then he "found Jesus" while on a partial football scholarship to Presbyterian College. He graduated from Baptist College at Charleston in 1988, started an Allstate Insurance franchise and was elected to the Charleston County Council in 1994—the first Black Republican elected to any office in the state since 1902. As council chairman, he sponsored posting a display of the Ten Commandments outside the chambers, a clear Constitutional violation of church-state separation that was deemed unconstitutional by the courts and is perhaps indicative of Scott's political vision. "My life is worthless without Jesus Christ," he once said. Well, Tim, the separation of church and state protects us all, and religion should never be forced upon Americans via public institutions!

Scott won a seat in the South Carolina State House in 2008 before successfully running for the U.S. House Representative of the state's first congressional district in 2010, making him the first Black Republican from South Carolina elected to the U.S. Congress since 1897. But his star was just beginning to rise: After U.S. Senator Jim DeMint announced his early retirement in late 2012, then-Governor Nikki Haley appointed Scott to replace him, and he was reelected in 2016 and 2022. "Our family went from cotton to Congress in one lifetime," he boasted during the 2020 Republican National Convention. It all sounds wonderful, an uplifting story of racial progress in a radical, right-wing state (recall that South Carolina was the first Confederate state to secede, launching the Civil War in defense of slavery). But then you look at Scott's voting record and realize he's almost as bad as the arch-segregationist bastard Strom Thurmond, who Scott actually worked for as a campaign cochairman! Maybe he's not a full-fledged Uncle Tom, but damn close—call him Uncle Tim.

In the four dismal years that Trump occupied the Oval Office, Scott voted for his agenda almost unanimously: a 96.7% yes-man. Worst of all, in 2017, along with 21 other senators, he signed a letter begging Trump to withdraw the U.S. from the landmark Paris Climate Accords, ratified by 194 nations and the European Union in 2015. This agreement established the bare minimum needed to reduce CO2 emissions fueling destructive climate change. But even this was too much of an inconvenience for Trump and the troglodytes supporting him, many of them paid off with Big Oil money. From 2012 to 2016, Tim Scott netted over $548,000 in donations from those companies: oil, natural gas and coal.

As you would expect from a Bible thumper, Scott is pro-life. The many states passing draconian abortion restrictions after the Supreme Court overturned *Roe* v. *Wade* is not enough for him, however; he wants a *federal ban on all abortions* after 20 weeks and has declared he would promote and sign such a law if elected POTUS. He's okay with adult stem cell research, but not taxpayer-funded embryonic stem cell research, which offers great promise for treating and preventing many diseases. And he wants to abolish the Affordable Care Act, while offering no serious proposal for anything to replace or improve it. These idiotic policies would only degrade the healthcare of Americans already suffering under one of the worst, most inequitable systems in the industrialized world. Nope, if you have Alzheimer's, Parkinson's or a life-threatening ectopic pregnancy, just drop to your knees and pray for some old-fashioned faith healing, because the big, bad government and our greedy healthcare pirates ain't here to help you.

Further, he wants to turn back the clock on same-sex marriage; he opposed Biden's withdrawal of our military forces from Afghanistan after 20 years of futile warfare; and he has consistently sponsored legislation hostile to labor unions—even as the working class has been cheated out of rising productivity gains over the last 50 years, mainly because unions are historically weak. Like most Republicans, he really represents the interests of the top 1 percent, not the 99 percent of Americans increasingly desperate to make ends meet as inflation robs their paychecks.

Instead of the federal safety net for underpaid citizens struggling in urban blight and endemic poverty, his solution is "opportunity zones"—basically tax incentives for businesses to invest in low-income areas. Trump's massive tax cuts in 2017 included this incentive, and guess what happened? Wealthy investors, including Trump's family, plied money into luxury apartment buildings and hotels, storage facilities and student housing in these "opportunity zones," effectively gentrifying them. Yes, a few more low-wage positions were created, but no low-income housing or high-paying jobs. For instance, Anthony Scaramucci, Trump's short-lived press secretary, used the "opportunity zone" tax breaks to build a posh hotel in New Orleans, "complete with an opulent restaurant and rooftop pool," according to *The New York Times*. It was all one big con, just like most Republican "solutions" are: They talk the populist talk, but walk the walk of Wall Street robber barons. Tim Scott is just the same old story.

Writing for *HuffPost*, Black journalist Dustin J. Seibert sums it up well: "Scott is just one of several charisma-free, cookie-cutter conservative House Negroes propagating the notion that Black folks bucking up and letting go of that pesky racism issue that apparently hasn't been an issue since the mid-20th century is the true anodyne for all our problems. When these clowns vie for their respective political thrones, it's almost always on the back of Black Democrats whom they insist are playing the 'race card' as victims." H

PHOTO BY SIPA USA/ALAMY

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

There are extreme porn stars, and then there is Rocky Emerson: a porn star who goes to extreme lengths for her art (and high-altitude orgasms).

The 6-4 tower of sexual power and titan of adult entertainment is always on the lookout for her next big challenge. She's also an avid rock climber, so why not combine her passions into a single, scintillatingly dangerous experience?

We can't say where it went down (way up), but check out Rocky's socials to witness Rock's death-defying feat (links below). She's suspended 400 feet in the air, and it's a heart-pounding trip to Pound Town that will leave you breathless.

HUSTLER caught up with the dirty daredevil for a blow-by-blow synopsis of how to have vertical sex and not die in the process. Don't look down!

Like riding a bike—up a mountain: "My partner Tyler and I absolutely love climbing together and have our gear arrangements down pat. We've also been hooking up on rock climbs long before we filmed this one, so it all felt like second nature by that point."

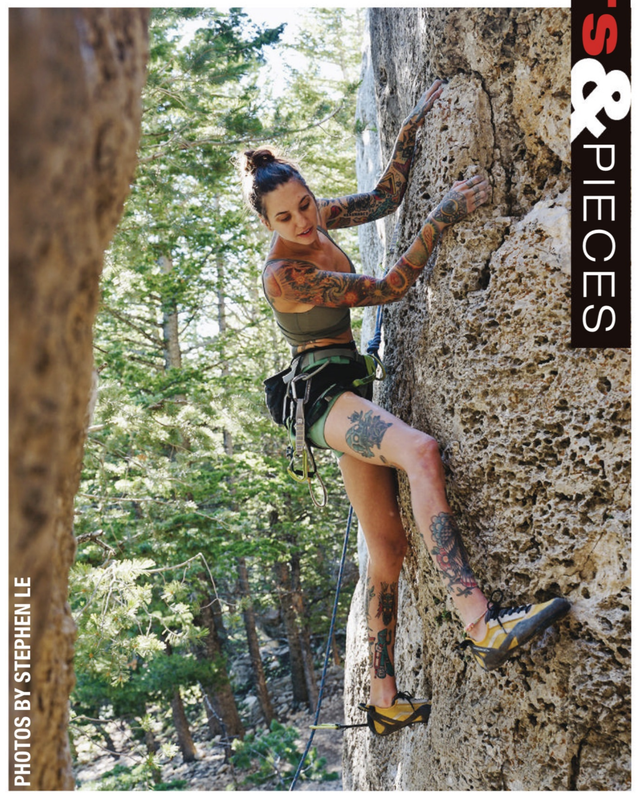
K.I.S.S.: Keep it simple (and sexy): "After reviewing the topography of the climb, we grab what's needed for the ascent: cams, rope, personal safety gear, etc. We opt to film on our phones, using leashes to keep them secure. Lucky for us, there's lots of sunlight, which makes everything look fantastic."

Location, location, location: "When picking a climb specifically for filming, we generally look for obscure routes that are out of sight and away from popular areas. Our decision is a factor of weather, terrain and privacy."

Danger zone: "In previous outings, once we packed and our trajectory was locked in, we'd set off with no expectations other than to have a great time. If we found a spot to hook up, first we would assess the danger, then either detach from our anchor for harness removal or stay secured to it as needed. If it was safe enough for me to remove my harness—for example, a big ledge or summit—we would have sex. If not, he got a blowjob and we stayed on our ropes. Or if nothing was possible, we would smile and continue upward."

Easy access: "Recently I acquired pants that unzip all the way across the crotch—now I have easy access on vertical terrain without removing my harness! It's a total game-changer. We build an anchor, secure ourselves, unzip and enjoy nature as it was intended: extreme fucking, hundreds of feet above the ground. In our recent video we were at the top of the climb, hanging on an anchor with no summit to land on. The terrain remained vertical, and we were determined to fuck, so I unzipped the special zipper (with my harness and pants still on), and we filmed right there at the anchor!"

Follow Rocky Emerson! Twitter: @RockyEmersonXXX; IG: @TheRockyEmerson; OF: @RockyEmerson; ManyVids: Rocky Emerson



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN LE

"Only those who will risk going too far can possibly find out how far they can go." —T.S. ELIOT, POET

SUMMER DAZE

It's August, and the clock is quickly running out on another sizzling summer. So as not to waste a precious second of sunlight, let's celebrate sex workers who celebrate Mother Nature. The heat is *on!*

• Pro grappler, pro domme, part-time tropical faerie—Tampa's **Little Rampage** is a triple threat for all seasons. "I love to be where the wild things are, aligning myself with Mother Nature and appreciating the beautiful curves and skin I am in." *Twitter: @Little_Rampage; IG: @TheGoddessRampage*

• Welcome to the Torture Ranch, where Pro Domme **Miss Violet Faraday** is fixin' for her next meal: your tender flesh. "Being in nature always brings out my feral side. I can't think of many things more erotic than pouncing on your partner in the woods. Makes me want to sink my claws into someone." *Twitter: @VioletFaraday; OF + IG: @MissVioletFaraday*

• **Catjira** may be a mother-fudgin' legend, but this stacked cowgirl ain't too bougie to cut the grass. "I'm sexy and I mow it." *Twitter: @CatjiraTV; IG: @CatsGotBack, hoo.be/catjira*

• So much of Brazil is gorgeous, but few sights compare to the sublime beauty that is **Gween Black** in her natural habitat. "When naked in nature, we are able to connect with our primal selves. The cold shower of a pristine waterfall always reminds me of how pure and sexy our bodies are." *Twitter: @GweenBlack_; OF: GweenBlack.com*

• Get ready to fall hard for lil' lumberjill **TheTinyFeetTreat**—TIMBER! "I love being in the great outdoors! I'm always on the lookout for a camping buddy who's packing some good wood." *Twitter: @TinyFeetTreat; links: TheTinyFeetTreat.com*

• BDSM, gardening—they're one and the same for fetish model and pro domme **Stella Liberty**. "Working my land and building gardens is a lot like training submissives: If you observe the patterns in nature closely, you can give gentle nudges or implement aggressive controls to aid in reaching its fullest potential." *Twitter, OF: @Stella_Liberty, StellaLiberty.com*

• Best BBW Cam Model (XBIZ, 2023) **Christina Castalia** is one with Gaia. "Nature helps me get in touch with my true self. A walk in the forest always leads to inspiration, clarity of mind and fulfillment." *Twitter: @Tina_Castalia; OF: @ChristinaCastalia*

• Award-winning cam model **Brielle Day** prefers sunlight to ring lights. "There's something special about being surrounded by natural beauty and how it translates into the content we create. It reminds us to always appreciate the great outdoors." *Twitter: @ItsBrielleDay; OF: @BrielleDay*

• **MYA** dares to bare—her *claws!* "I live to be free and wild in nature! And when I slide into my custom cat mask, that means this kitty is out of its cage." *Mask design by @UncutLeather; Twitter, IG: @LayLocca*

LITTLE RAMPAGE
PHOTO BY @ROYALREFLECTIONSSTUDIO ON IG

MISS VIOLET FARADAY
PHOTO BY NEON NIGHTMARES

CATJIRA
PHOTO BY CATJIRA

GWEEN BLACK
PHOTO BY LEONARDO NOGUEIRA FERREIRA

STELLA LIBERTY
PHOTO BY STELLA LIBERTY

CHRISTINA CASTALIA
PHOTOS BY CHRISTINA CASTALIA

THETINYFEETTREAT
PHOTO BY THETINYFEETTREAT

BRIELLE DAY
PHOTO BY DAYLITE PHOTOGRAPHY

MYA
PHOTO BY MYA

"Art can never exist without naked beauty displayed." —WILLIAM BLAKE, POET

"Reason has been a part of organized religion ever since two nudists took dietary advice from a talking snake." —JON STEWART, COMEDIAN

"It is an interesting question how far men would retain their relative rank if they were divested of their clothes." —HENRY DAVID THOREAU, NATURALIST

"VICTORY IS OURS!"

The strippers of Star Garden have emerged victorious in their fight for a union, after a 15-month-long campaign, including eight months on the picket line. On May 18, 2023, they became the only stripper union in the U.S. after the club's owners withdrew all legal challenges, allowing the union to be certified by the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB.)

Although the union election took place on November 7, 2022, Star Garden's owners interfered. They challenged the votes, delaying certification as each ballot was investigated. "It was kind of a bittersweet day," Charm, a Star Garden union member, tells HUSTLER. "Because they challenged all our ballots, they weren't able to be opened. We knew we had won, but legally it didn't really amount to anything."

Over the next seven months, Star Garden's owners continued to create legal obstacles, eventually filing for bankruptcy. The strippers began to lose hope in this battle, but not the war. "Once the bankruptcy happened, we were like, *Well, we have to be realistic now*," says Charm. "You have to be creative to get what you want, but we always have been." They were mobilizing to open their own club to run as a worker co-op.

At the same time, a court case progressed regarding the strippers' unfair labor practice reports to the NLRB. Star Garden's owners made multiple settlement offers that the workers rejected. "Mostly what they were offering was very small sums of money," Charm says. "That's not ever what we were after in this fight in the first place."

Then, right before the trial date, the owners unexpectedly requested a meeting. They were now making a proposition that included, among other things, "dismissing their filing for bankruptcy, reopening Star Garden, reinstating the locked-out dancers and the retraction of their challenges to our ballots," says Charm. The strippers accepted. In the same room where their trial had been set to take place, their votes were finally counted by the NLRB, and the union was certified.

This is a historic milestone, but there is still a long road ahead. Contract negotiations may be a drawn-out process, but the Star Garden union finds strength and perseverance in each other. "The reason we've been able to push for so long is truly because of friendship," Charm says. "It has made it feel less long and tiring, and more like an adventure."

TALES FROM THE CLIT 3: CALI CALIENTE

PHOTO BY IG - @DIRECTEDBYRAW - TWITTER - @YABOY2RAW

This month, hardcore hottie Cali Caliente tells us about the time she hooked up with *that* rapper in a chronicle she calls, "Right Place, Right Time."

"I've experienced some magical moments in live music: I got to see Migos before Takeoff's passing; I even danced with Lil Wayne onstage at the AVN Awards. But nothing comes close to my sexy command performance for a living legend of hip-hop.

"In 2017, a friend and I got invited to see [name redacted], but things didn't exactly go as expected. We were sitting at a hotel bar with our friends, waiting for concert tickets to materialize, but the 'plug' wasn't able to deliver. So we made other plans.

"We ordered a drink and some apps as we waited for our ride. That's when my friend was approached by a very handsome bald guy who said he was from New York. We had no idea at the time that he was part of [name redacted]'s entourage.

"He told us to cancel our ride and invited us upstairs. Upstairs, in the hallway, New York knocks on a thick double door. No one answers, so he knocks harder. 'Someone let us in!' he shouted. That's when we heard this deep, raspy voice: 'Who the fuck is knocking at my door?'

'Why are you being so mean?' I purred playfully as we entered the room. But the truth is, I was completely shocked by who was standing in front of me; all I could do was smile from ear to ear. He was smiling too.

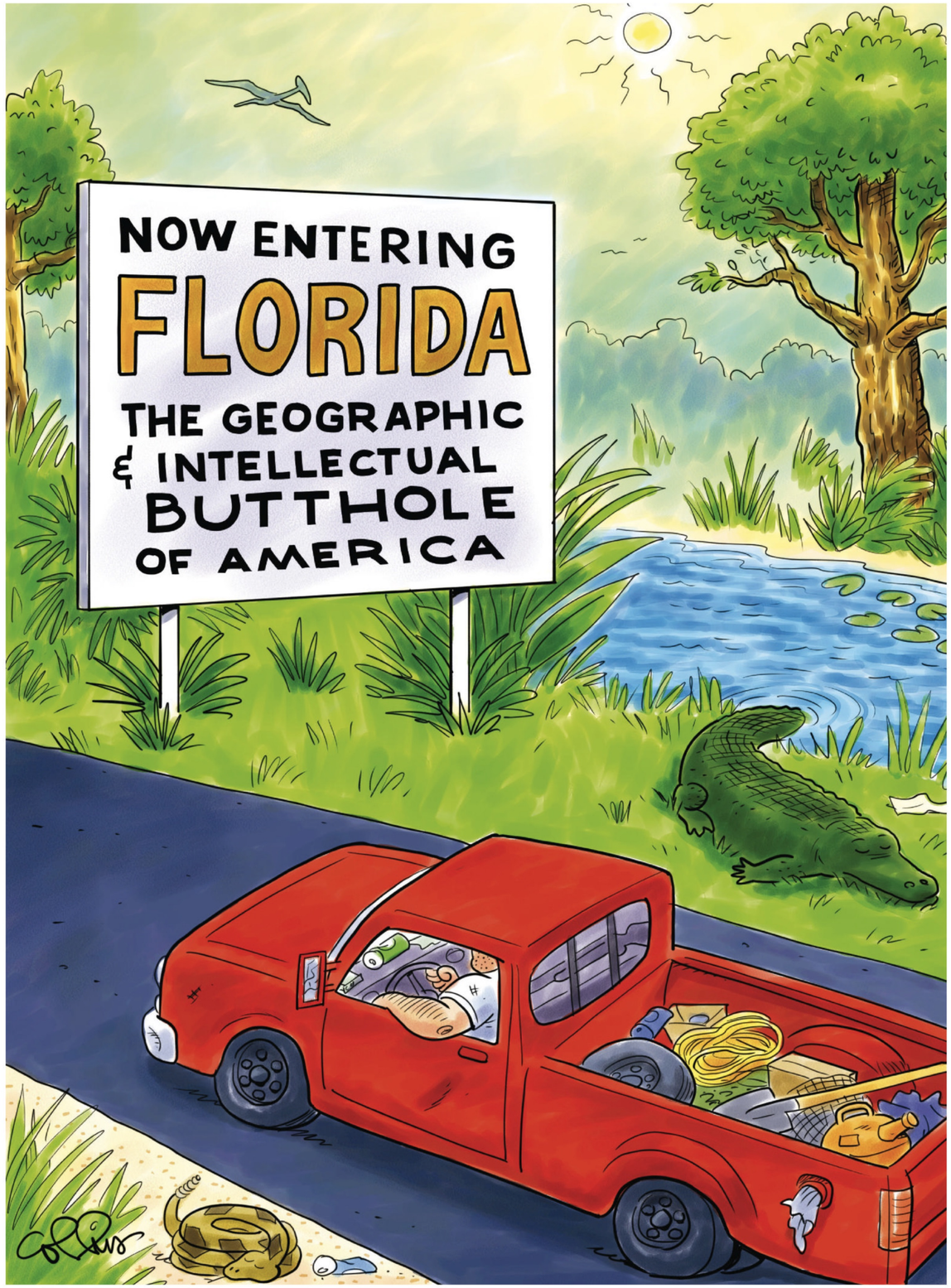
"Right away he fixed his tone and introduced himself, extending his hand to shake mine. He immediately apologized for his behavior and offered me a seat and something to drink.

"From that point on we were part of his entourage for the night. After the show he extended an invite to attend a couple of after-parties where he was hosting. He performed while I sang word-for-word off to the side.

"Back at the hotel, I enjoyed a cool shower after a long, hot night. I opened my eyes, and he was standing there, admiring my body. I told him to join me. I washed his strong, hard body, then dropped to my knees to give him oral—after asking for a condom, of course. I looked up into his eyes and could tell he was very pleased with my head game. We fucked in standing positions before moving to the bed, where he gave me back shots in flat doggy until he came. I passed out and slept like a baby.

"I gave him my number as I left, knowing I would never see or hear from him again. And I never did."

Follow Cali Caliente! Twitter, IG, TikTok: @TheCaliCaliente



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EYLA MOORE

DAMN SEXY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVIDE ESPOSITO

Some of my friends call me Mother Teresa because I always help when I can. I strongly believe in karma. I'm a positive person with a good sense of humor, but something of a perfectionist. I'm obsessed with control—if things are not in the right place, I have to put them where they should be…and clean the dust. I don't talk much; I listen more. But I'm friendly and I laugh a lot. I can be seductive, elegant and damn sexual, but then go out for beers with the guys.

"Food is sexy to me, and I can literally cook anything you can think of. I have always wanted to have sex on a table with lots of tasty food, like in the movie *Deadpool*. I'll definitely do that in the near future. But I've had my fair share of sex in wild places. I once did it in a beautiful oceanarium and once on a stony beach—it took a week for my body to stop hurting after that one.

"Handsome men with long hair and strong arms do it for me, men who know what they want and achieve it. But they should know about my kinks: I have a bit of a foot fetish, and I love hot candle wax on my body."

EYLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Ogre, Latvia** | AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-25-38** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl**
INSTAGRAM: **@Moore_Eyla** | TWITTER: **@EylaMoore**

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WINNER

BIG JAY OAKERSON
& HIS LEGION OF SKANKS

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

Big Jay Oakerson just might be the busiest man in showbiz. He's a touring stand-up comic, and he appears on screens big and small: Big Jay was privy to JLo's iconic stripper dance as a deejay in the movie *Hustlers* and has regularly riffed with comedy superstars on TV shows including *Louie*, *Inside Amy Schumer* and *Comedy Underground With Dave Attell*. Plus, the big man does a weekly radio show (*The Bonfire* on Comedy Central Radio, with comedian Robert Kelly) and a couple podcasts, including *The SDR (Sex, Drugs & Rock N Roll) Show* with Ralph Sutton and, of course, *Legion of Skanks*, aka "the most offensive podcast on Earth." After releasing his newest comedy special, *Dog Belly*, Big Jay plopped down to talk with HUSTLER about dancing at kids' birthday parties in the Philadelphia ghetto, always pushing the envelope onstage and that special place he has in his heart for our very own *Beaver Hunt*.

HUSTLER: We've been talking about Kerryn Feehan, a comic who got pretty naked in our magazine, so the question now is, would you get nude for money?
BIG JAY OAKERSON: *Naaaah.*

A lot of money?
Hmm. *Naaah.* I mean, I was on the *Louie* show every season. The third season I wasn't able to do much because I was out of town. Thank God, because there was a storm episode, and I guess they wanted a fat guy in his underwear running through the rain. Apparently that character made them think of me? [*Laughs.*] But I was like, "Naahhh." I think I bring more to the table than just being the fat guy.

I sorta did it once. I did a thing in a series of Halls Mentho-Lyptus commercials where someone feels sick and then takes a Halls. The steam comes over the screen, and then you see them doing the activity they said they couldn't do. Mine was like, "Dad, I thought we were going to the football game," but the father's like, "I dunno. I feel sick." But then he takes the Halls and is cured, and I'm in there at the football game, and I'm sitting there on the sideline, shirtless, painted all green except for the S of their made-up team on my chest—that's flesh-colored. I just sat in that chair all day, heavier than I am now, and it was awkward and uncomfortable. If the ad came out, I mighta made 35 grand in residuals or something, but it didn't come out, so all I ever got paid was 300 bucks, the sitting day fee. Plus, after I showered, my girlfriend goes, "What the hell is that?" and I look down to see that I had an S sunburned right across my chest.

> **"HUSTLER WAS BIG FOR ME BECAUSE I WAS A BUSH GUY, AND WHEN BUSH WAS GOING AWAY, HUSTLER HUNG IN THERE."**

Where are you from?
Philadelphia, but then we moved to South Jersey. In Philadelphia, when your parents make any kind of money at all, you went straight to South Jersey, moving on up.

One of your first jobs was as a chauffeur/bouncer for both strippers and kids' birthday parties?
Well, the bouncing wasn't for the birthday parties, but it was the same company that would send me out. I was a fat, insecure teenager who didn't get many girls—or any, really—so I was like, *This is going to be like watching porn. I'm gonna see these girls get butt-naked.* I thought some of them were gonna fuck the guys, 'cause they were escorts, and I was like, *This is great. Maybe I'll get laid out of it.* But after the very first time, I was like, one, this is dangerous, and two, when these girls went home, they couldn't wait to wash off the hands of all those dudes. It wasn't sexy.

But then the flip side was, during the day, from the same phone number, the guy would call and ask me, "Hey, do you wanna do a birthday party?" He said it was, "You dress up like Elmo—you dress up like Barney—and just dance around at some kid's birthday party." I can't say I wanted to do it, but needed the money. But I ended up with more dangerous or scary stories from those parties than driving the strippers around. For the birthday parties I was like the last call the boss made, for sure, because they sent me to like, the ghetto in Philly. First of all, no one was happy that a white guy was showing up, and second, the guy in charge at my company was a shyster, so I'd show up with just the shittiest version of the costume, the worst. Then I'd be like, "Hey, anyone here have a CD player?" so that I could play the hokey-pokey song.

I had a couple of those go really bad. The scariest, worst one was when I was supposed to be Winnie the Pooh. It was 10 o'clock at night in just the worst neighborhood. I'm carrying around a trash bag with the suit inside, and at the party there's two babies in high chairs eating Cheerios. Everyone else there is just having a very adult, very Black party. People are playing dominoes and drinking 40-ouncers, but then they're like, "Where are the balloons? Where are the presents?" My boss would just say anything to get the gig without planning on coming through, and then he'd just give a discount at the end, knock 40 bucks off or something. That never helped me though. These people were like, "That mothafucka," but they tell me to go upstairs and change. I go into some bedroom, and I close the door just as they're yelling up, "Don't close that door!" I'm like, "Already closed it," and they're like, "Mothafucka!" The door was all broken, the hinges are off, and I'm in a shitty Winnie the Pooh costume. Then the door crashes down into the dust, and I'm standing there like that movie *The Right Stuff*. Remember the astronaut with the helmet under his arm? But I'm standing there holding Winnie the Pooh's head. Then they wouldn't play my CD and told me to dance to what's playing, that being *Chronic 2001* by Dr. Dre. I danced for the kids, who were adorable, and then they're all like, "Yeah, that's enough. Get outta here." I'm like, "Sure, let me just go change," but the guy's, "Yeah, get outta here!" He just starts pushing me out the door, and his friends are out on the steps, so he's like, "Hey, help this dude to his car." They start walking fast behind me, so in a Winnie the Pooh suit, I'm running for my mom's Chevette, with the stick shift that I gotta drive with those big furry gloves on.

You seem like an old-school guy, so you must remember the heyday of porn magazines?
Definitely. I didn't know as a kid that they sent back, every month, all the magazines that didn't sell, and I knew this kid that got them out of some bin. I guess he wasn't into porn—I was like, really?—but he knew I was, so he'd grab me like six of 'em, and my friends would come after school. I had this big telescope box, and I took the telescope out, and then I had two big stacks of magazines in there, piling over >>

the top. But my siblings are half-siblings and a lot younger than me, and when I'd babysit, I'd think it was so funny to bring down the box and show my little brother those big tits. So he started saying, "Big tits, big tits." That was the first time we had cable, and I guess by mom and stepfather were watching TV some night, and there was a naked girl on the screen or whatever, and my little brother started saying, "Big tits, big tits." He was not fully speaking age yet, and so my mom was like, "What's that?" He goes, "Big tits," and then just like some autistic tracking dog, he starts walking up the stairs, going, "Big tits, big tits." My mom follows him, and he's staring at the box in my closet, all beat to shit, with the magazines not fitting in there, so my mom reaches up, and it just rains porn mags down on top of her head.

Tell me there were some HUSTLERs in there.
Oh, yeah, for sure. HUSTLER was big for me because I was a bush guy, and when bush was going away, HUSTLER hung in there. That's something I say onstage these days, that I met a girl who's 27 years old, and she's lasering off her pussy hair like forever. Forever! I go, "Let me tell you what a shortsighted decision that is. That looks good now, but when you're 70 years old and can't grow hair on your pussy, the best it's gonna look like is the *Necronomicon*, the Book of the Dead." C'mon, I'm a bush guy…

You push a lot of envelopes in your comedy, like in your new *Dog Belly*, from the stage you ask some white girl in the crowd if her African-American date was "the first Black dick you ever saw."
I wouldn't do that in real life, but there's something about the unspoken agreement when you enter a comedy club that I enjoy. I couldn't do what Sal Vulcano of *Impractical Jokers* does. By the description and commercial, I thought that show was gonna be stupid, but I watched it in Canada in some hotel with shitty TV and thought, *This is hilarious.* But I could not walk up to a couple obviously together and say, "What? Are you taking your mother out for Mother's Day?" No way. But I'd make that joke in a comedy club because there's an unwritten agreement in a comedy club. There, you have to assume what I'm saying is dumb, just horseshit.

When you did *The Degenerates* on Netflix back in 2018, you said you don't like young-girl porn?
What's weird is how much I like the amateurish porn, home porn now. I like the time stamp, like May 14th, 2016, the numbers running, just some guy filming dudes coming over to bang his wife. These people are super into it; they wanna do this. Meanwhile, I interviewed some porn girl last year—she was about 20, and my daughter's 20—and the girl was saying she liked to be foot-fucked. I was like, "You mean some guy fucking your feet," and she was like, "No, toes in my pussy." I ask, "How long have you liked this?" She says, "I'm 21, and I've been doing this for money for, uh, three years now." I'm just like, "Go call your parents." But when I was younger, my favorite was definitely your *Beaver Hunt*. Like here's Gloria, she's 25 and works in a Rite Aid—and here she is spreading her pussy. I do remember the icons of my youth, like Christy Canyon or Ginger Lynn, but the porn stars of your time will date you. Pam Anderson, I know she wasn't in porn, but I saw that documentary, and she's still pretty, but now she looks like your friend's mother. Like, "Your mom's got great tits!"

Nina Hartley?
I met her once. She talked a lot about Peter North's cum, which was huge, I guess. She used numbers too. She was like, "Most guys come about a teaspoon of semen, and he does three and a half tablespoons." I said, "That's a weird measurement, but okay."

In that *Degenerates* special you also said, "Everyone complains about everything"—
Yeah, and that was years ago.

So is it hard doing comedy these days?
It's different. Look at Shane Gillis; he lost *Saturday Night Live* just for talking about being in Chinatown and doing the [exaggerated Chinese voice] "Ah so, ah so, ah so." And they were like, "That's it. You're out." I'm like, *Whatever*, but now, when my agent will try to send me to NBC to read for something, I go, "Let's save us all the effort here, because, c'mon, all Shane did was some basic comedy, an over-the-top Chinese accent, and I've done way more dumb things than that."

Has anything you said got you in trouble?
Not me, but it mighta got the guy who booked me on *Fallon* fired. What that poor guy, Jeff Singer, did over five months to get me on… I kept saying, "I don't think my comedy is right for this show." But he was like, "C'mon, I wanna get you on." He put all this effort in, but after I did it, the next day they removed the clip from the history of NBC, and that guy got fired. This was like 2011, and they'd asked me at like zero hour to change a bit. The joke was about Michael Vick, who was playing QB for the Eagles and who'd gone to jail for dog fighting, and I said, "I know he's terrible and done terrible things, but he's on my team, so I gotta root for him. If he's traded, I don't care if he goes back to prison for the rest of his life, but right now I want the Eagles to win, so if he scores a touchdown for us, I'll throw him a dog myself and let him tear it apart in the end zone." But at like zero hour, the day of the show or maybe day before, they're like, "Can you tone it down and maybe say 'throw him a stuffed dog' instead?" I'm like, "Uh, no." It was like, "Then don't have me on. I can't compromise anymore." We settled on something, but when I got on, I was just on autopilot and did the joke like always. Everyone laughed; it was fine, just a silly joke. But the next day the guy calls me, Jeff Singer, and he's like, "Hey, so I got like 100,000 emails complaining about animal cruelty." Then the next thing I know, I hear Jeff Singer's fired.

Because of you?
It couldn't have helped.

You were in the movie *Hustlers*. So tell me about JLo's ass.
Phenomenal. In the three days I worked, I watched JLo do that dance about 50 times. The girl, Constance Wu, her little Asian butt was too small to keep the G-string over her asshole, so I saw that a bunch of times. Lizzo wasn't even famous yet, and she was there, Usher, Cardi B. But I still reflect on the longest day, like, *Can I go home already?* Acting is not immediate enough for me, so much sitting around.

You've been on *The Joe Rogan Experience* a bunch, so you must like that more?
I stay away from the politics of it all, because I don't know politics >>

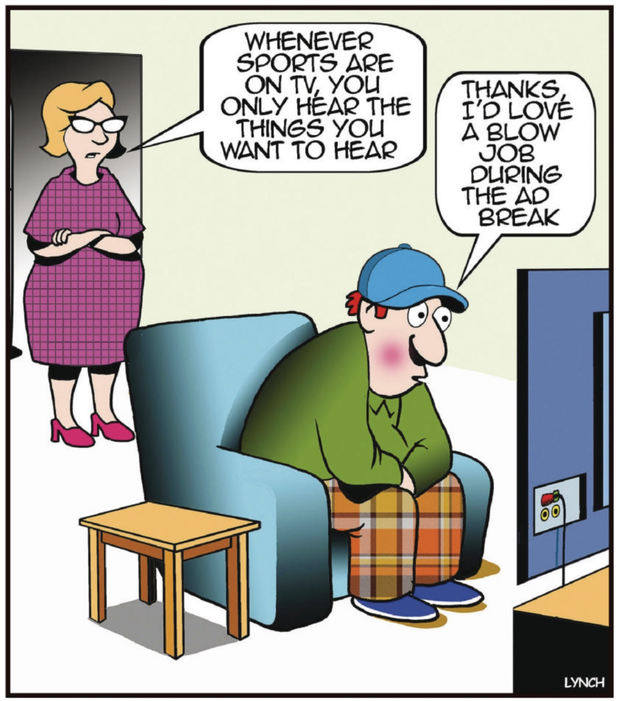
enough. I'm too much of a rube in that regard, and I'm apparently also completely convictionless. I'm a documentary away from changing my opinion on everything. At my shows, people will be like, "You're obviously a Trump supporter," and I'm like, "I don't know." I don't care what happens to Trump. I don't know if Biden is good or not. Rogan's great, but the show's not a comedy show, which is a little difficult for me. I look forward to seeing Joe, but when they get talking, sometimes I think my eyes are gonna go crossed. Last time I was on like two minutes, and he's, "Did you see that new report re: data on TikTok?" He's like, "Let me explain some things to you about data mining and ratifying treaties," and I'm like, "I don't know what we're talking about. Can we maybe talk about the weirdest thing we ever put in our butt?"

Very important question, but how much pussy does a stand-up get?
Depends on the stand-up. And then quality comes into play [*laughs*]. I was watching Dane Cook when I was younger, at Carolines, before he went to theaters, then arenas, but he was still very popular and was like the first person I saw where every girl was gorgeous. They would step over me to get to him. They'd wait in line. He could fuck 'em one after another if he wanted, like, "Thanks for coming in and who's next?" But it's interesting—I have the same personality I had in high school, but now it works? I get curious about it, like are you doing this because you think it's gonna get you somewhere? Or sometimes pretty girls are just into fat dudes? But I'm still bad at signal reading, so I get more offers and opportunities than I ever thought I would. I got married young and had a kid when I was 23, so I definitely wasn't supposed to be doing things when I was on the road, but I still said yes to everything. Not anymore, which you think is a maturing sign at 45; now I can walk away from it. But there was a time when it didn't matter. You coulda had three eyes and weighed 150 pounds more than me, but if it was, "I'll suck your dick," I was like, "Let's find a place."

My insecurities probably saved me so much. When Me Too came out, Keith Robinson, one of my mentors, said, "How many Me Toos are you expecting?" I said, "This one doesn't bother me at all, because I am more than sure I never, ever hooked up with a girl that I talked into it." More than that I heard, "I can't believe you didn't ask me back to your room," and I'm like, "Was that the vibe?" I screwed it up. That's like from back in high school—as soon as I hit on a girl, they'd be like, "*Whaaat?!*" I'd be like, "Never mind. I'm gonna go back to my room and punch myself in the face the rest of the night. I'll go to Taco Bell and just eat my feelings away.

Finally, why do you work so hard?
My schedule is nuts, man. Between *Bonfire* on radio and the *SDR* podcast, *Legion of Skanks*, plus touring, it might be too much. I was such a huge fan of Howard Stern growing up, huge, and still am. I put on Howard Stern every day. That's my background noise. But what Howard was able to do in his time, I feel each show I do, broadcast-wise, has to be the height of my time. So *SDR Show* is the shock-jock show, like we have girls coming in and we're gonna see who can squirt the farthest! Fun stuff like that. But that's not the energy my radio show *Bonfire* has. That show is silly, funny, talking about the news or some documentary, talking about our lives, taking phone calls, whatever we want. Then *Legion of Skanks*, we call it the "most offensive podcast in the world" just to be left alone. That's where we're like, "Did you hear about that terrible thing, the school bus blew up with like 15 kids inside?" We know it's no joke, but we're like, *Let's see if we can find the funny.*

***Legion of Skanks* is definitely your calling card, but where did it come from?**
It's a live podcast. We've built quite an audience, like a quarter-million listeners per episode, and now we even have a festival, Skankfest. Thousands of people are there, which I can't believe. It all came from Dave Smith and Luis J. Gomez, who just make me laugh. Back in the beginning, we were organic friends, just come-over-and-play-video-game guys. When we started, I was like, "Okay, Marc Maron, Adam Carolla, I guess a podcast is what you have to do now, so let's do a podcast." Our first episode was so grainy and did not have good audio, but at least we had a good story about where the name came from. When I was with my ex-wife, Luis came over for maybe the second or third time ever, to play Guitar Hero. That was our initial bond, Guitar Hero. So he came over, and me and my wife got in a pretty big argument in front of him, which was awkward, but I remember she was accusing me of cheating. She was probably right. But I was walking down the block, leaving, thinking *I'm not dealing with this right now*, and I yell at her, "I'm going to work." She's like, "Work? Yeah, yeah, go off to work and fuck your legion of skanks." I remember going, "Fuck you!" but I also turned to Luis at the same time and said, "That's a great name for a band!" A podcast in the end, but same idea. H



"You're up to something...I can tell!"

MIKAH TIA

FULL CIRCLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARYLAND BOUDOIR

I worked at a HUSTLER Hollywood store grand opening a while back, and I said, 'I'm going to be a HUSTLER model.' Now I'm getting published! It's a full circle moment for me.

"My all-time favorite movie is *Smokey and the Bandit.* I've always loved Burt Reynolds, but what mostly has me obsessed with *Smokey* is the Trans Am; that's my dream car. Right now, I have a Chevy Cruz that I'm modding up. Other fun facts: I know how to make my own knives, and I possess the ability to sleep all day —I have and will again.

"To me, the hottest sex has always been make-up sex. The intense passion is unmatched, and I'm an absolute fiend for it. My perfect partner is taller than me, toned and packing heavy equipment. He loves foreplay and is aggressive between the sheets, but a lover boy out of bed. I adore dick—*love* playing with it—and yes, size matters."

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MIKAH'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Skagway, Alaska** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-1**
MEASUREMENTS: **30C-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Legs on his shoulders**
INSTAGRAM: **@MikahTia**

50 QUESTIONS JULIA ANN

INTERVIEW BY
MISSY MARTINEZ
PHOTOS COURTESY
JULIA ANN

The very definition of *icon*, Julia Ann has over 450 video credits to her name and 2.8 million followers on Instagram alone. The adult industry super-celebrity has been a contract star for Vivid, Wicked and Digital Playground, is the winner of nine AVN awards and has operated a personal website for 25 years. But do you know her favorite food, her spirit animal or the weirdest thing a fan has ever said to Julia Ann? Find out in HUSTLER's new semi-regular series "50 Questions."

HUSTLER: On a scale of 1-10, how excited are you about life right now?
JULIA ANN: Right now and in general are very different questions. Since I've been sick for over a week and my body is trying to expel my lungs—I'm thinking about what lining to order for my casket. In general, I'm a happy person who enjoys my day-to-day. So I'll rate my excitement as an 8.

2. Describe yourself in a hashtag.
#MyLifeIsAMeme: I feel there's a meme or GIF that sums up every moment of my life. I can have full conversations and never actually type a word.

3. Morning sex, yes or no?
Yes, as long as they don't wake me up.

4. You just opened your eyes from a beautiful night's rest. What are the first three things you do?
Make sure my chihuahua Sabastian is still asleep and hasn't peed on the bed. Take Sabastian outside to pee. Make breakfast for my zoo.

5. You would do unspeakable things to raid the closet of which style icon?
Thierry Mugler.

6. What is your superpower?
In this new social media world, too many people care about or become frozen by the words and opinions of others. I have the ability to just not care. I've had friends tell me they wish they could just not care like I do. As I have come to see it, in this society the average person would possibly take their own life if, when their names were googled, photos and videos showing them in a provocative light existed. In contrast, my personality is the one that consensually, purposely and proudly created and distributed images and videos highlighting the most provocative side of myself for the masses to enjoy. Honestly, I often wonder how arrogant someone has to be to think that their words alone are more powerful than the potential shunning of an entire society.

7. What are three things you can't live without?
1. My coffee, banana, spinach and chia seed breakfast smoothie. 2. Hormone replacement therapy. 3. My animals.

8. Does dick size *really* matter?
Yes! However, if I'm having sex with someone who doesn't have a penis, then no.

9. What three people, living or dead, would you want to share dinner with—or hell, even an orgy?
Mary Magdalene, because I want to know if she or any of them really existed—was she really a prostitute or just a woman who got a reputation because she traveled with men. Steven Tyler, because it's Steven Tyler and the question states that there could be an orgy. Hugh Jackman, dressed as Van Helsing, because once again the question states that there could be an orgy.

10. What is your TV obsession?
I'll always love *Everybody Loves Raymond*.

11. What is something that scares the shit out of you?
Being homeless and having poor mental health. I fear being the person stumbling down the street, yelling randomly into the void.

12. What three words would you use to define your sex style?
Pillows, *queen*, *missionary*.

13. Best piece of advice you've ever received?
Be nice to people on the way up because they are the same people you'll see on the way down.

14. If you could have any animal tail attached to your body, what would it be?
Pug tail. I need that shit to stay out of my way.

15. You've been in the adult industry since the early '90s. What's the biggest change you've seen?
I used to say the internet, but now I'm more specific and say social media. Social media has changed the overall behavior of the fan base. Fans have become aggressively demanding and often petulant when they don't get immediate gratification.

16. If you could make your pussy taste like any flavor, which would you choose?
Tiramisu.

17. What do you love most about your body?
I used to say my waist, but since I have had my breasts reconstructed, I have to say my breasts. I've never loved them more.

18. If your life were a song, what would the title be?
Because my life revolves around a funky chihuahua, my song is Bryan Adams, "(Everything I Do) I Do It for You."

19. What is your spirit animal?
Praying mantis. Draw your own conclusions.

20. To say you're an animal lover is an understatement. What draws you to our furry, scaled and feathered friends?
I've actually given this much thought over the years. I think it's because I really love helping and feeling like I'm making a difference in the world, but I don't like the attention or praise for doing things. With animals, I get to help someone without accolades.

21. What's the oddest/weirdest thing a fan has ever said to you?
"You said we were getting married. You came to meet my parents and asked them for my hand in marriage, and I find out you've been cheating on me with your boyfriend." >>

22. If you woke up with a penis and had it for 24 hours, what would be the first thing you do?
Ask who wants to shoot content.

23. Favorite board game?
Cards Against Humanity.

24. You're stuck on an island and can only pick one food to eat forever. What would you choose?
Bean and cheese burritos.

25. If laws allowed, what exotic animal would you love to own?
None. I don't feel that people should have exotic animals.

26. Favorite smell that isn't flowers or perfume?
Waffle cones. They smell far better than they taste.

27. Song you can listen to on repeat?
Three Dog Night's "Joy to the World."

28. Would you rather have the ability to orgasm five short times in a row or just once for three minutes straight?
A three-minute orgasm is way too long of a commitment, so I'll pick five smaller orgasms in a row.

29. If you could switch lives with anyone for 24 hours, who would it be?
Cherie DeVille, because I want to understand that level of energy.

30. What is your favorite curse word?
Twat waffle and *douche canoe* are my favorite terms.

31. You have to give one up for a year: sex or social media?
Social media.

32. When you walk past a mirror and look at yourself, what is the first thing that comes to mind?
Why'd I look?

33. What would you suggest people do to make good sex even better?
Watch porn together, give each other a pre-sex massage and kiss often throughout the day.

34. Pick one as lube: ketchup or mustard.
Ketchup. Let's get funky with period fantasy sex. Plus, the lycopene in tomatoes is a cancer-fighting agent.

35. What color describes your personality?
Yellow, like a sunflower.

36. Permanently hard nipples or constantly wet pussy?
I don't like the chafing of hard nipples, so I'm going with constantly wet pussy.

37. What would your last meal be?
A futuristic bean and cheese burrito that will not be invented until the year 2063.

38. A movie you love that you'd be embarrassed if people found out?
I publicly love *Bio-Dome*, so clearly, I do not suffer movie embarrassment.

39. Unpopular opinion on sex?
A consensual sex/adult-content business model exists and does not include trafficking, coercion or rape.

40. Are panties "pussy prisons?"
No. Panties are the only thing that protect my pants from snail trails.

41. What is the weirdest thing you've said during sex?
Not weird but awkward: I've said the wrong body parts during sex. I've told others to fuck my dick.

42. What is your motto or mantra?
"Don't start nothing, won't be nothing." —Will Smith in *Men in Black*.

43. Dream car that doesn't exist in the real world?
Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.

44. Do you enjoy the taste of cum?
Women's cum is sweet, but men's cum is poison. I'm not going to lie to you—your sperm tastes like Clorox.

45. What can your fans look forward to next from you?
More wonderful content that I make with other performers who are committed to the job. I have zero interest in shooting with people who are not truly invested.

46. What is the weirdest thing you've ever had inside your holes?
What is weird, really?!

47. If you could lactate any liquid, without being pregnant, what would you pick?
Strawberry daiquiri, but not just any strawberry daiquiri flavor. I want the Jelly Belly version of strawberry daiquiri.

48. Would you rather have the ability to understand fish or summon birds to help you with simple tasks?
I need to summon birds to do my bidding. Currently, I have some people whose cars need to be pooped on. Larger birds can bring me smaller dogs and puppies that crappy people have left in their backyards for their entire lives.

49. Would you run through a crowded mall naked for $1,000,000?
Yes, as long as the repercussions didn't cost me more than $10,000 and zero jail time.

50. A genie just granted you three wishes: What are they?
To have wonderful health, more energy and less worry. H

Make sure to check out all things Julia! Twitter: @TheRealJuilaAnn; Instagram: @TheRealJuliaAnnLive; OnlyFans.com/TheRealJuliaAnn; LoyalFans.com/JuliaAnn; SextPanther.com/TheRealJuliaAnn.

MADISON SUMMERS

SUMMER LOVING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

MagDownload.org

I worked a corporate job for years in the Midwest, but I was laid off during the pandemic. I had always been interested in sex work, so when I was unemployed, I decided that this was my chance to finally try it. I started off dancing, and when guys at the club would ask me my name, I'd say Madison because I wanted something that sounded real. Eventually I added Summers because summer is my favorite season.

"I remember once I went to a sex club, and I got fucked in front of a crowd of people, including my friends! That's when I discovered how much of an exhibitionist I am. So having sex on camera was a natural next step. I'm a very sexual person, and rough sex gets me wet. We're talking choking, hair pulling, spanking and just really getting dominated by an alpha male. Still, I identify as a switch—especially with women, I take on a dominant role, and I can't wait to explore that side of me even more."

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KYLIE ROCKET

LOVE LANGUAGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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I'm the crazy, rich, fun one in the group. But I'm also super responsible and reliable, and I don't take shit from nobody. What I do for fun is everything IG: I like to shop for outfits and look for different locations to take pictures. So far, my favorite place has been Hawaii—you have the ocean and mountains, and the waves are so massive and clear. Really, I never wanted to leave.

"A sexual fantasy of mine is to be a snottty schoolgirl who can't stay out of trouble with her professor. Finally she seduces him into fucking her on his desk. Not an unusual fantasy, I know, but it just does it for me.

"My love language is physical touch and affirmations. I love being treated like a queen, so why not treat you like a king? I want kisses, flowers, love notes and random Nerf gun wars!!! Honestly, for me the best sex isn't planned. It's when I'm watching TV with my BF, and then *boom*, the next thing I know, my legs are in the air, my back is on the floor, and I'm getting fucked in pile driver with the lights dimmed."

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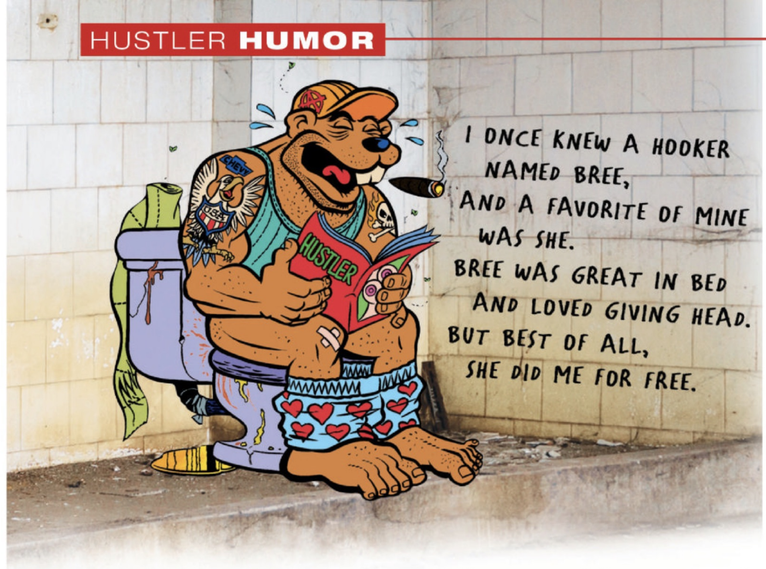
KYLIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Jacksonville, Florida**
AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **32B-24-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary or reverse cowgirl**
TWITTER: **@RocketKylie**
INSTAGRAM: **@Kylie_Rocket_**



When her husband came home from work in a nasty mood, Linda asked, "What's wrong, James?"

"I had a bad day, and I need your oral support," James replied.

"Don't you mean moral?" Linda cooed.

"No, I don't!" her husband snorted.

A man sat next to Artie on the bus, pulled out a snapshot and declared, "My wife is beautiful, isn't she?"

After looking at the photo, Artie said, "If you think she's beautiful, you should see my wife."

"Is she beautful too?" the bus rider inquired.

"Nope," Artie replied. "My wife's an eye doctor."

Question: How do you know if your dogs are kinky?

Answer: They do it in the missionary position.

When 75-year-old Vince showed up for his appointment, the receptionist asked, "What are you seeing the doctor for today?"

"There's something wrong with my dick," Vince replied.

"You shouldn't come into a crowded waiting room and say something like that," the receptionist snarled.

"Why not?!" Vince exclaimed. "You asked me what was wrong with me, and I told you!"

"Well, sir," the receptionist said, "you've embarrassed the other patients with your foul language. You should have said there is something wrong with your ear and discussed the problem further with the doctor in private."

"Okay," Vince muttered. "There's something wrong with my ear."

The receptionist smiled and purred, "What's the problem with your ear, sir?"

"I can't piss out of it!" the geezer bellowed.

Question: What did the sanitary napkin say to the fart?

Answer: "You are the wind beneath my wings."

A guy was waiting in a doctor's office when the doc walked in. "I have bad news," he told the fellow. "I'm afraid you must stop masturbating."

"I don't understand," the wanker said. "Why?"

"Because I'm trying to examine you," the doctor explained.

A blonde had just begun working as a hotel maid, cleaning rooms. One morning she was shocked to find a used condom in a wastebasket.

"What?" another maid asked. "Haven't you ever had sex before?"

"Sure," the blonde replied, "but never so hard that it took the fuckin' skin off!"

An anxious woman went to her gynecologist and asked nervously, "Can you get pregnant from anal intercourse?"

"Certainly," the doctor replied. "Where do you think lawyers come from?"

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BEFORE HIS PUBLISHING CAREER, LARRY FLYNT WENT TO THE MOUNTAIN.
WHAT IS THE SECRET OF LIFE?
PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS PAY TO SEE A PUSSY.

MEDICAL QUACKERY

A JOURNEY TO THE FRINGES OF AMERICAN MEDICINE

INTERVIEW WITH
MATTHEW HONGOLTZ-HETLING
BY ED RAMPELL

"So, supposing we hit the body with a tremendous—whether it's ultraviolet or just very powerful light…supposing you brought the light inside the body, which you can do either through the skin or in some other way…and then I see the disinfectant, where it knocks [COVID] out in a minute…and is there a way we can do something like that, by injection inside or almost a cleaning? Because you see, it gets in the lungs, and it does a tremendous number on the lungs."
—DONALD TRUMP, CORONAVIRUS PRESS BRIEFING, 4/23/2020

In *If It Sounds Like a Quack…: A Journey to the Fringes of American Medicine*, Matthew Hongoltz-Hetling places American medical quackery under the microscope. The dauntless author takes us through the looking glass, revealing the hair-raising world of faith healers, witch doctors, demonic possession, apocalyptic zombies and other crackpots practicing "medicine" without licenses or degrees. Their crank cures and ridiculous remedies include the use of lasers, bleach, baking soda, praying away Beelzebub and other half-baked ideas. Even the medieval practice of bleeding patients with leeches is making a comeback in 21st century America. >>

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES WALKER COLLECTION/ALAMY

If It Sounds Like a Quack follows five "healers" and one fanatically devout couple throughout the 300-plus-page book, detailing the quirky quackery and freakish fakery of these women and men on a mission to "save" the human race from various diseases. Much of Hongoltz-Hetling's well-written exposé is a hoot—engaging and highly entertaining. But somewhere along the way the laughs disappear and *Quack* takes a deadly turn, as naive victims pay the ultimate price for being "treated" by uncredentialed, uneducated, hubristic would-be "doctors" and "scientists" playing God. In *Quack*'s troubling grand finale, Hongoltz-Hetling reveals the dark underside of a profit-driven alternative medicine, medical freedom movement and how its tentacles reached all the way to the White House, as America suffered from a deluge of delusion and deregulated healthcare during a pandemic.

Hongoltz-Hetling was born and raised at Beacon, in Upstate New York. As an award-winning journalist, he has covered Sierra Leone during the Ebola crisis and reported on threats to the Inuit culture at Labrador, Canada. Hongoltz-Hetling was a finalist for the Pulitzer Prize, won a George Polk Award, and the Maine Press Association voted him Journalist of the Year. He also won the Award for Distinguished Science Journalism in the Atmospheric and Related Sciences from the American Meteorological Society. His previous book was 2020's *A Libertarian Walks Into a Bear: The Utopian Plot to Liberate an American Town (and Some Bears)*, about what happens when government vanishes in New Hampshire's woods. Matthew Hongoltz-Hetling was interviewed from his Vermont home.

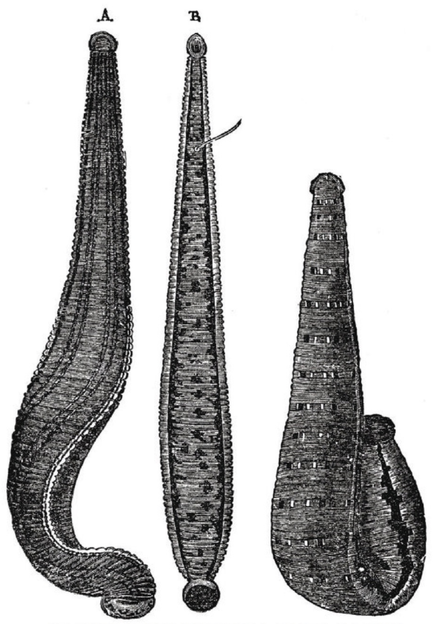


ILLUSTRATION BY EMILIO EREZA/ALAMY

HUSTLER: What is the premise of *If It Sounds Like a Quack…: A Journey To The Fringes of American Medicine*?

MATTHEW HONGOLTZ-HETLING: I basically tell the story of a bunch of individuals who are united only by the fact that they each think they have discovered, stumbled upon or invented "One True Cure" for all disease. They think it's going to revolutionize the healthcare system and throw out all of the medical and scientific advances that were made in the last 100 years or so.

What is the One True Cure?

Medical science tells us that diseases have discrete causes and discrete treatment plans and cures for them. But these folks each think that they've got this kind of skeleton key that will unlock the secrets for all diseases.

***Quack* largely focuses on six practitioners of the One True Cure and follows them throughout your book. Tell us about some of these "healers" and the cures they ballyhooed?**

One guy—Larry Lytle, a retired mid-Western dentist—thought that he could harvest a universal healing light by using handheld lasers, to treat people for everything from Alzheimer's to liver disease. An Alabaman goldminer, Jim Humble, who, one, thought people could cure cancer by drinking a diluted form of bleach and, two, thought that he was an alien from the Andromeda Galaxy. There was a former tennis pro turned diet guru, Robert Young, who started his life as a Utah missionary and eventually stumbled upon what he thought was his One True Cure, which was the deacidification of the body—sometimes by injecting baking soda solution into the veins of people who were already very sick and only got more so after that treatment.

What do these true believers all have in common?

They come from as diverse a set of backgrounds as you could possibly imagine. The fact that they each thought that they had made this discovery channeled them all into the same basic life journey where they went out, they got scooped up by the medical freedom movement and were emboldened by the rhetoric of the medical freedom movement to sell their cures, despite warnings from government authorities. As a result, each of them ended up on a collision course with the established medical paradigm and justice system. Each of them comes to a tragic outcome.

Why do you think these true believers have rejected standard, established, evidence-based science?

There are two answers to that. One is, the practitioners themselves that I spoke with and tell the stories of, they themselves have fallen in love with the idea that they've done this very special thing. All of us, as the seriously flawed humans that we are, we love to tell ourselves stories about how great and important we are in the universe. And for the healers who are selling these treatments, this became their self-story that gave them importance.

Then there's this other question: What about the thousands of people who have turned some of these folks into millionaires by buying their products and services? Those people, who we generally refer to as victims, have been deluged with messaging that sows a distrust of all forms of institutions over the last 20 years. A quarter century ago, we didn't have the internet and email and so digital messages couldn't be spread out to the public very easily. You'd have to go through the gatekeepers of information—legacy media, the government itself, the American Medical Association or academic journals. Now these folks have been able to make their pitches directly to the public en masse, and that has created a climate in which a large number of people have acted on their distrust by favoring some of these very bizarre treatments instead.

So how successful are the One True Cures and remedies of the six or so healers you follow throughout *Quack*?

If you ask them, they all claim nearly 100 percent success rates. They all say they've cured the cancer of many, many people and treated serious health conditions of countless more. But none of them have any sort of documentation of this supposedly amazing track record that would hold up to any scrutiny. In fact, when they run afoul of the law, it's often because someone that they treated and who had foregone conventional treatment got sicker as a result—sometimes dramatically and tragically so.

What are some examples of "cures" gone very wrong?

Robert Young, the guy who advocated baking soda and other means of deacidifying the body, began treating a young woman named Dawn Kali, who was a young mother predisposed to seek out all-natural treatments. Dawn was diagnosed with a very treatable form of breast cancer and decided that she would follow "Dr." Young, or Mr. Young's protocols—he called himself a doctor, but he is not. Over the course of several years, Dawn got sicker and sicker while following his advice. At the end of it she wound up no better off for his treatment and with a diagnosis of Stage 4 cancer. The delay in conventional treatment caused her cancer to metastasize and dramatically shortened her life expectancy.

Dawn sued Young after he'd faced some criminal charges. She woke up and realized he was not what he pretended to be. She asked for $60 million, which was a ridiculous, unprecedented amount of money to ask for from a California jury. And the jury awarded her more than $100 million, because they were so aghast at what Young had done to her. Though that judgment was later reduced, it was intended to send a very strong deterrent message to Young. But of course, after the judgment was entered, he went right back to doing what he does.

> "A PANDEMIC WAS JUST THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY THAT ALLOWED THOSE FRINGE MEDICAL FREEDOM ACTIVISTS TO JUST SKYROCKET INTO THE REPUBLICAN MAINSTREAM ON THE RIGHT."

Dale and Leilani Neumann were Wisconsin residents raising their children, and they were big on faith healing. Their faith was very strong; they were interested in starting a ministry, and in the course of pursuing their literal interpretation of the Bible, they came to the conclusion that to seek out a doctor's advice was a blasphemy unto God. Because if God can heal you, why would you go seek out earthly remedies courses for your illnesses? They felt like diseases were a punishment or sign of moral failings, and the way to rectify that was to overcome those moral failings by healing yourself spiritually, and then the physical symptoms would disappear. That was their belief.

They had an 11-year-old daughter named Kara who basically fell into a coma over the course of an Easter Sunday weekend. They prayed over her comatose body for two and a half days; and a relative called the police eventually and asked them to do a wellness check. About five minutes before the ambulance got to the Neumanns' home, the little girl died. It was particularly tragic, because all she needed was a shot of insulin. She had juvenile diabetes; if Kara had gotten to a medical professional, or an ambulance had gotten there an hour sooner, she would have in all likelihood survived.

The Neumanns bought so much into their faith that they actually believed their daughter would rise from the dead. They saw significance in the fact that this all went down on an Easter Sunday and only after the autopsy did they begin to realize that she was gone.

Did the Neumanns know, before she went into a coma, that their daughter had diabetes?

No! They had no idea, because Kara had never seen a doctor. [Except] maybe once in her life as an infant. She'd had no diagnosis over the course of her life. And the really shocking thing is that after they went through the justice system, the Neumanns returned to the same faith and the same sort of teachings and are involved with the faith healing community to this day.

Wow! What is the religious factor for these rogue One True Cure fanatics?

It plays a very strong role in some. Obviously, in the faith healing, it's the central role. For others, not so much. Religion isn't a prerequisite for falling into the belief of One True Cure, but it can be the vehicle through which this particular form of mania is expressed.

Who are the "Numbers Junkies"?

In my book, even though these One True Cure [practitioners] do some really terrible, awful things, generally I found they were deluding themselves. In a way they were almost like victims of their own delusions and mentality. They all have unhappy chapters in their lives because of these beliefs that they promulgate. I do fault the landscape in which they grew up, a landscape that's been shaped by what I call in the book the Numbers Junkies.

This is basically the idea that the medical establishment has got >>

the best evidence-based cures for everything. They follow best practices, which are rooted in science, and they are the best way to extend a person's life span and to get the best possible outcome for the disease they are being treated for. But they also have a lot of flaws that cause people to turn to the One True Cure-ists. Some of those flaws are corruption from the pharmaceutical industry that corrupts the political process that governs some of their procedures. They also have an elitist culture.

The American Medical Association has worked very hard to make the supply of American doctors smaller than the demand as a way to drive up doctors' wages. They've been fantastically successful at that. As a result, you have doctors making much more than we mere mortals are, and that creates a culture gap that turns off lots of potential patients and drives them away to seek other True Cures. And then also, a shortage of doctors creates accessibility issues. Mississippi, for example, has about half the doctors per capita as Kazakhstan. America, with all its wealth, can't seem to have enough doctors in enough places to make themselves available to the general public. And that creates a vacuum that makes it much easier for the One True Cure-ists to get rolling with their snake oil.

According to your book, which country on Earth has the highest amount of doctors per capita?
Cuba. And just not a little more; Cuba has twice as many as the U.S.

Do the Numbers Junkies also include government agencies, such as the Food and Drug Administration and Centers for Disease Control and Prevention?
Yes. They're part of the culture that's at risk of being so driven by data that they de-emphasize the importance of human relationships and putting a friendly, understanding face out to the public.

> "EVERY TIME WE DEREGULATE, EVERY TIME WE MAKE IT EASIER TO DO BUSINESS WITHOUT ANY SORT OF OVERSIGHT, TRANSPARENCY OR ACCOUNTABILITY, WE TAKE ANOTHER STEP ALONG THE ROAD THAT ENDS WITH PURE WITCH DOCTOR SORT OF OUTCOMES."

In 2020, when the man you refer to as "the game show host who became President" advocated ingesting or injecting disinfectant to "knock" COVID "out in a minute" or to use "ultraviolet or just very powerful light" plus other crank coronavirus "cures," such as hydroxychloroquine, most Trump critics thought it was a sign of his colossal ignorance, imbecility, incompetence, mental illness and/or deceit. But *Quack* chronicles something even more insidious, suggesting that something much more sinister was afoot going on behind the scenes regarding Trump's stance on the pandemic.
First, to protect "the game show host who became President," I withheld his name, but I see you cracked the code. [*Laughs.*] What very, very few people realize is there is a ton of evidence pointing to the idea that Trump's comments about cleansing the body with a disinfectant originated with the Alabaman-goldminer-turned-bleach-enthusiast Jim Humble. There's a direct line where Humble partnered up with a man named Mark Grenon to found a pseudo-religious organization that its critics refer to as "the Church of Bleach." They were taking advantage of the robust infrastructure set up on the far right wing to promote far-fetched theories of healing that are rooted in conspiracy theories, even though Jim Humble literally thought he was an alien from the Andromeda Galaxy and even though his supposed One True Cure was absolutely ridiculous. He believed that it healed parasites inside human cells that were the true cause of cancer, even though that's not the cause of cancer, obviously.

So about two weeks before Trump's infamous press conference where he talked about disinfecting the body, Grenon claimed that he sent Trump, through backdoor channels, a sample of his bleaching product and a letter explaining it in terms that Trump would appreciate and understand. I find it to be completely plausible, because Trump obviously had a penchant for overstepping the traditional boundaries, heaping praise outside of the White House. All of his most stable and sane advisers had to fight very, very hard to maintain their positions and to keep other conspiracy theorists away from Trump. Mark Grenon was popular enough to get on [former GOP Presidential candidate and ambassador] Alan Keyes' program and some other conservative outlets, and he sent Trump this bleach information, and then shortly thereafter, Trump goes on television and says it.

The effects were instantaneous. There were thousands of calls to poison control centers in the coming weeks, and sales of Miracle Mineral Solution [MMS] spiked dramatically. All because Trump made this ridiculous statement. This is also a good example of how even though you and I may be smart enough to follow evidence-based medicine and listen to our more conventional doctors, the impact still comes around and bites us. Because the pandemic really shows we're all influenced by the healthcare decisions of the severely deluded.

You write, "COVID's dominance of America's headspace allowed for the perfect intersection of the alternative health industry, antivaccine activists and the medical freedom movement." Explain this perfect storm.
This was the genius stroke of the libertarian medical freedom activists in the early 2000s. They went to the alternative health community, which at the time was almost exclusively leftist—leftovers of the hippie movement dominated by New Age, crystals, body washes and that type of thing. They successfully convinced folks within the alternative medicine community that medical freedom was more important than any other leftist value they might have. That gave them lots of grassroots support and allowed for this robust infrastructure of media and money to continue to build momentum for the medical freedom movement.

When the pandemic hit, because they were cloaking their messaging under the guise of freedom, Republicans found it to be a very appealing idea to buy into. There's this perfect intersection between Republicans looking for ways to prove how freedom-oriented they were and the medical freedom movement that had spent 20 years building up these ideas. Healthcare officials said they were surprised that 60 million Americans were vaccine resistant, but they really should not have been surprised at all, because this had been very clearly building over 20 years or so. And a pandemic was just the perfect opportunity that allowed those fringe medical freedom activists to just skyrocket into the Republican mainstream on the right.

ILLUSTRATION BY ICONOGRAPHIC ARCHIVE/ALAMY

Prominent right-wingers often hawk crackpot health theories and quack products. Alex Jones ballyhoos supplements on *Infowars*, and on conservative cable TV and other outlets, people like Sebastian Gorka shills pain relief pills, and Mike Huckabee advertises a sleep aid. Tell us about fringe medicine's political component and how the medical freedom cause has become aligned with extremism, the alt-right and libertarianism.
In the early 2000s, when there was this alliance between fringe alternative medicine practitioners and libertarian medical freedom activists, they poured lots of money into the marketing and promotion of these products. The whole idea was to sell more stuff. People who wanted to sell their supplements that were poorly regulated and that might not contain [value] in their bottles—Young wanted to sell his injections of baking soda; Jim Humble wanted to sell books and MMS; Larry Lytle wanted to sell his $12,000 lasers.

They all bought into this, and that created such a good market of people who were hungry for these products that Republicans who were running for office at various levels decided that they wanted to monetize their campaign email lists. The [conservative politicians] you mentioned hawked various products; so did Alan Keyes and various other candidates, Ted Cruz—they're all getting money from the right-wing alternative medicine industry and all selling these products to their supporters through email lists. That was the primary driver: The campaign was looking to raise extra money to buy political ads or whatever, and they could monetize their campaign email lists by agreeing to sell an unproven product to their followers through their email lists, and they got money for this.

But one of the unintended consequences of this was that millions of rank-and-file Republican voters were getting bombarded with emails that were telling them that these products were good and that conventional medicine was bad and wrong, something to be suspicious of. And then within the media ecosystem, you had the same thing. You mentioned Alex Jones. Jim Bakker, who has his right-wing talk show that is religious-themed, he's selling thousand dollars a pop for doomsday prep products, including some medical stuff. All of these people who were important within the right wing had an opportunity to sell products to their rank-and-file supporters. And the unspoken message in all of this advertising was, read between the lines, "Don't trust your doctor."

Is a major reason why these extreme medical theories are perpetuated because America doesn't have a unified, affordable, universal healthcare system, leaving desperate, often gullible, uneducated people to search for alternatives when they get sick?
That's definitely a huge component. I talked earlier about doctor shortages being one barrier to access. Obviously, there are socioeconomic barriers that prevent folks who deserve affordable universal healthcare from accessing healthcare. There are various other ways in which the system does not serve the public well. If we had universal healthcare, that would certainly go a long way, deprive lots of these quacks of some of their customers. It's not the only solution, but it's a big step in the right direction.

How does the "zombie apocalypse" play into your book?
[*Laughs.*] The fringe healers I spoke with operated like an improv comedy troupe in that they'd always "yes and" one another. If someone says a medical theory that contradicts your medical theory, you don't contradict it directly, because you're their political ally. So instead you say, "*My* treatment does this." That kind of culture and lack of scrutiny led folks to make ever more extreme claims to garner clicks and attention from their audiences.

Perhaps inevitably some of those folks started to talk about zombies, though they had different theories of zombies. Faith healers thought zombies were morally compromised people. Young thought that the COVID vaccine had nano particles in it that would allow the government to flip a switch and turn you into a zombie… Some significant >>

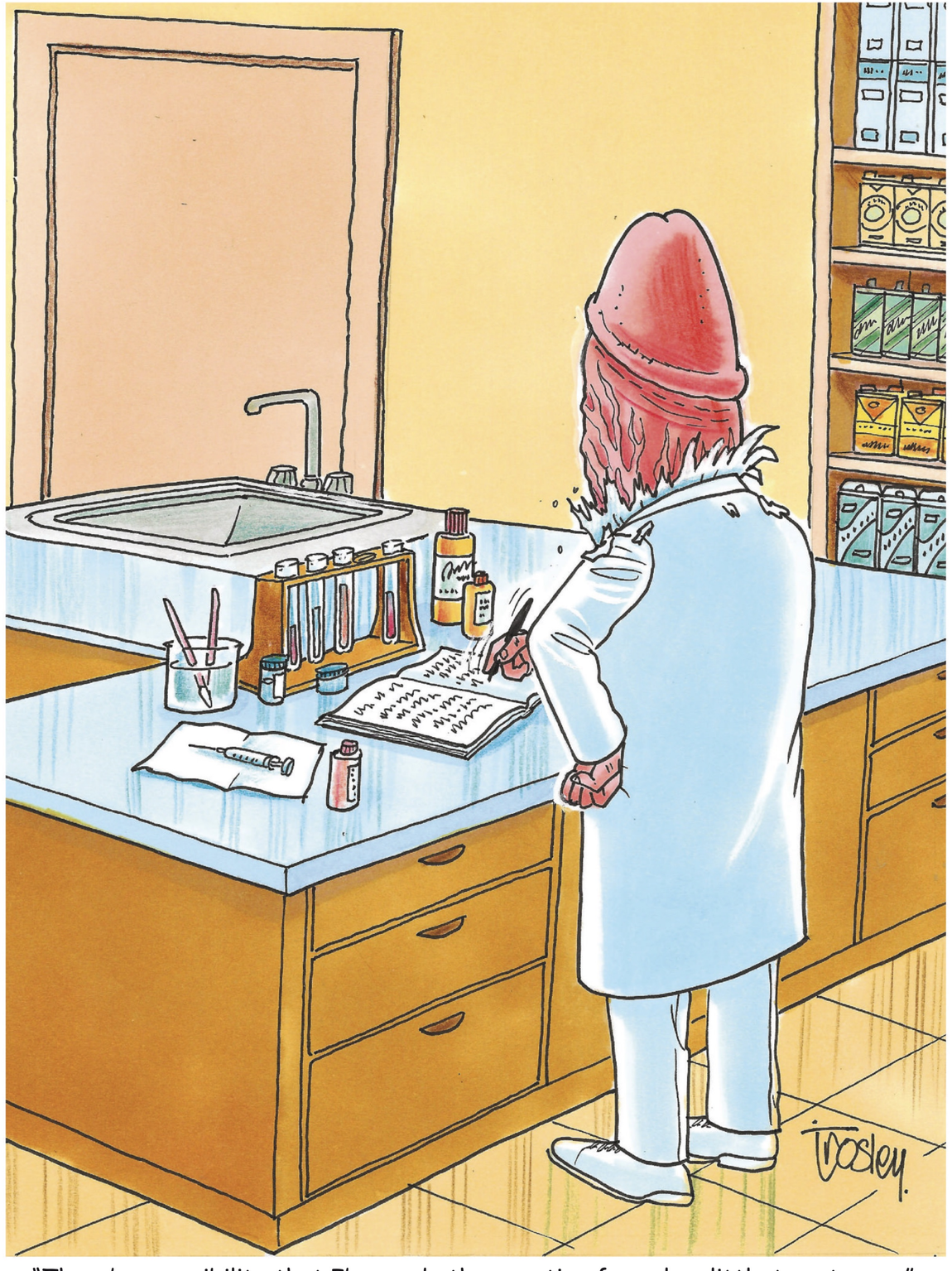
percentage of their supporters talked about zombies so much that eventually surveys showed a small percentage of Americans began to think that zombies were real. It's maybe one of the most bizarre conspiracy theories out there—and one of the most dangerous because it dehumanizes people. It encourages people who believe in zombies, in case of a conflict in the streets, they should shoot their opponents, rather than offer them any sort of compassion in the face of a natural disaster. This idea of zombies has been taken up by various right-wing militia groups, which is even more terrifying.

Do you think that another reason for the attacks on traditional healthcare is that so many doctors, nurses, etc., who now practice in America come from overseas? And that this is yet another manifestation of the right's anti-immigration racism against Black, brown, Asian, etc., immigrants?
Absolutely. What's also important about that is when we have a diverse pool of doctors, that makes access easier for diverse Americans. It's just one more lovely expression of xenophobia in America.

You write, "the U.S. had suffered more coronavirus deaths per capita than any other country." One of the biggest ironies is that Trump's followers don't give him credit for the one thing that's arguably good that his administration accomplished: the rapid creation of an effective vaccine for COVID, which anti-vaxxers continue to resist.
Yeah. Isn't it beautifully ironic that the one thing *mainstream* America gives him credit for is the hurried development of the vaccine. Yet, when he brings it up at his rallies, he actually gets booed by his own supporters. It's a great example of how the beast that America has created is greater than any one individual. This massive amount of distrust, misinformation, anger and hatred that seems to be ravaging the minds of millions of Americans is greater than any one person or one politician. It's hard to see how we're going to come back from the edge without some major changes. Sadly, none of those changes seem to be on the menu now.

In *Quack*'s epilogue, when writing about the "root causes" of what America's "suffering," you suggest it's "perhaps simply the fact that the richest nation on Earth was creaking under the weight of a capitalist system that blends corporate powers with an outlook that is blind to everything but short-term profits."
Yeah. At the heart of all of this is the profit motive. People are selling fake cures because there's money to be had in selling fake cures. It is 32 times more profitable to sell an illegal pharmaceutical than it is to sell cocaine. But because people aren't cracking down on illegal pharmaceuticals to the same extent, there's massive amounts of money trading hands here. That profit motive is what tore a significant section of the alternative healthcare community away from the Left and its cultural roots and aligned it with these forces that are undermining the very lives of so many Americans. Every time we deregulate, every time we make it easier to do business without any sort of oversight, transparency or accountability, we take another step along the road that ends with pure witch doctor sort of outcomes. We can't really descend too far down the rabbit hole. H

Go to HachetteBookGroup.com today to purchase Matthew Hongoltz-Hetling's latest book, If It Sounds Like a Quack…: A Journey To The Fringes of American Medicine.



"There's a possibility that I've made the erection formula a little too strong..."

BAMBI BARTON

CAUGHT MY BUSTY NEIGHBOR MASTURBATING 3

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: FUMIGALLI. STARRING: RILEY REIGN, JENA LAROSE, BAMBI BARTON, SAHARA SKYE, LUCKY FATE, WILL POUNDER, DORIAN DEL ISLA & ALEX JONES.

Rubbing one out where others can see you isn't always such a brilliant idea—just ask Pee-wee Herman, Louis C.K. and Harvey Weinstein. But toss a pair of big tits on the indiscreet diddler, and suddenly the chances of a happy ending increase dramatically. Need proof? Look no further than *Caught My Busty Neighbor Masturbating 3*. Top-heavy blonde Riley Reign stands at her front window buffin' her muffin, blissfully unconcerned that her skater-boy neighbor is out on the street practicing kickflips. Eventually, Reign is on all fours practically giving her pussy a friction burn as her dairy domes dangle and sway. It's just about then that the Tony Hawk wannabe, in a (spoiler alert) dream sequence, decides to wander into the picture and go for first place in the XXX Games. Reign is pretty, if a bit on the zaftig side (think Taylor Swift's head on Adele's body), which gives the skater dude plenty to grind on as he plants his longboard in her pussy. Jena LaRose, a chesty brunette with golden-brown skin and nipples that jut magnificently, is happily jamming her clam when her neighbor spies her and decides to lend a helping hand. Pretty soon he's throwing the devil horns to her snatch hatch, his middle fingers digging in deep. Sahara Skye and her tits o' wonder are a particular delight. Skye's flicking her bean in her car when she's spotted by her nosy, horse-hung neighbor and threatened with a call to the police. So of course, this being porn, she serves up her jaw-dropping milkers for a rousing titty-fuck, nearly getting her chin bruised by the dude's plus-size prong as it hammers away in her cleavage. Skye's peril, however, is the viewer's pleasure. *Caught My Busty Neighbor Masturbating 3* is mounds of fun. Order your copy today at **AdultDVDEmpire.com**.

—Pico D. Ribibi

JENA LAROSE

SAHARA SKYE

RILEY REIGN

DREDD UP YOUR ASS 4

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: KEISHA GREY, ALEXIS TAE, NICOLE DOSHI, HIME MARIE & DREDD.

In the 2012 film *Dredd*, the titular law enforcer is tasked with restoring order to a dystopian society, armed with an array of powerful weaponry. *Dredd Up Your Ass 4* boasts a slightly different premise, as the titular woodsman is assigned with laying waste to a series of colons, armed with the downright dangerous beef bazooka dangling between his legs. The result in both cases, however, is explosive. The rectum-wrecking festivities kick off with Keisha Grey, a plump-titted brunette who bears a wanton, gap-toothed allure and boasts a sturdy build—which is good for her, because in the ensuing scene, she gets the penile equivalent of a Dubai skyscraper crammed up her keister. Wisely, Dredd embarks on his mission gently, lest he dislodge Grey's gastrointestinal tract in his anus-stuffing fervor. He slowly wedges his beef baton into her colon as she works her clit with a Magic Wand, her thighs quaking from the exertion. Eventually Grey musters the courage to plant her ass on Dredd's cock and ride from above, bravely turning her body into a shish kebab impaled on Dredd's sperm-shooting skewer. Petite stunner Alexis Tae is fighting way above her weight class in her bout with Dredd's monster dong, but she acquits herself admirably. Watching Dredd's plus-size pork sword slide into the compact beauty's shitpit is like witnessing a magic act akin to David Copperfield making the Statue of Liberty disappear. Exotic brunette Hime Marie rounds things out with an extra bit of oomph, parting her tawny cheeks like the Red Sea for his mocha meat mast before cheerfully exclaiming, "Thank you for stretching out my ass today!" *Dredd Up Your Ass 4* will leave viewers similarly grateful. **—P.D.R.**

WHEN THE HUSBAND LIKES TO WATCH

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: PAUL WOODCREST. STARRING: ANNA CLAIRE CLOUDS, COCO LOVELOCK, JESSICA STARLING, AILA DONOVAN, DORIAN DEL ISLA, CLARKE KENT, CODEY STEELE, CELTIC IRON, MILAN, ERIC JOHN, RAMON NOMAR & JOHNNY GOODLUCK.

When the Husband Likes to Watch brings a number of questions to mind. Such as, "What kind of guy gets off on watching another dude fuck his wife?" And, "Do the woodsmen playing the husbands get their full rate for just standing around with their dicks in their hands?" And also, "If that's the case, how do I get a job just standing around with my dick in my hand?" (Eh, never mind that last one—it's probably a union thing.) Of course, the only important question when it comes to any given porn flick is, "Can I jerk off to this?" On that count, *When the Husband Likes to Watch* will get the (hand)job done. Deliciously devilish blonde Anna Claire Clouds sports plump lips and perfectly mouth-size tits. She also excels at playing the hotwife, locking eyes with her hubby as she's licked and dicked by a debonair dude while her spouse looks on with creepily voyeuristic glee, mechanically stroking his pud like a demented wind-up toy. Pint-size blonde Coco Lovelock is probably petite enough to store in a dresser drawer when she's not getting fucked by strange men, but she packs big erotic thrills, folding herself up like a circus contortionist as she's fucked. (There's also a comedic undertone to the scene—Lovelock's nerdy husband declares, "Thanks for coming over and fucking my wife, by the way, bro," as he fist-bumps the guy who's balls-deep in his wife's snatch.) Built like a titanium shithouse, mega-stacked Jessica Starling goes the extra mile, tongue-fucking her lover's shit chute as her spouse leers approvingly. Meanwhile, Mr. Starling rubs himself off with one of the wife's high heels. Cuckolding, rimming, shoe fetish—it's like the Voltron of kink! For pervy consumers of porn, *When the Husband Likes to Watch* is worth a look. **—P.D.R.**

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ARIA VALENCIA

INTO OLDER MEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I’ve wanted to be in the adult industry for a long time. I knew a girl who was camming and stripping, and I was fascinated by how much money she was making. She had an interesting lifestyle and was always buying cool clothes. When I turned 18, I immediately opened an OnlyFans account, and that’s how my agent discovered me. He asked me to sign with him and to take my time with the decision, but I was like, ‘Let’s shoot now!’ I couldn’t wait to work.

“One of my favorite things about doing porn is fucking older men. Male porn stars seem to actually care about their costars’ pleasure—so much more than guys my own age. So I don’t hook up much off the set. But when I’m on camera, I love getting pounded. I’m really good at fucking. Plus, I come all the time. As you can probably guess, I’m pretty happy with my chosen career!”

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"I'll be home soon, honey. I'm at the theater, watching the Fantastic Four."

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DAKOTA BURNS

"Nude modeling makes me feel powerful, sexy and alive," declares Dakota Burns, 22, a "hippie stoner slut," stripper and songwriter from Boston, Massachusetts. The 5-foot-1 Beantowner, who labels herself as "kind, funny, open-minded and talented," spills the beans on her turn-ons and turn-offs: "I dig smoking weed, playing video games and musical instruments, working out and heading to Florida when I need a break," Dakota relates. "I'm bi, and I love giving girls head, but I hate bitches with a stuck-up attitude and sex partners who don't reciprocate foreplay." Dakota once flew across the country to give porn a crack, but told producers—as the men in her personal life have learned—that being fucked in the ass just isn't her thing. "I do like butt plugs and pegging guys," she specifies. "What I like most of all is being fucked in the missionary position with my legs behind my head. I guess I'm still a porn star at heart. Once I come, guys can shoot their jizz all over me. My motto is 'Make a mess, boys!'" *—Photos by Tampa Steve*

CORALYN JEWEL

Coralyn Jewel, 46, from San Diego, California, is a busy Beaver. The highly regarded XXX performer moonlights as a podcaster, relationship coach, motivational speaker, writer and owner of a swing club. The 5-foot-0 "go-getter," who once strived to be an Olympics figure skater, is eager to shed light on her personal interests and ardent sexuality. "I enjoy making elegant jewelry for swingers and listening to country music," Coralyn tells us. "Even though I was born in South Africa and raised in California with no country roots, I relate to the lyrics, and they are my escape from reality." Moving on to her intimate escapes, Coralyn confides, "I'm straight but bi-comfortable, depending on the circumstances. I love sex and truly think that it gets better with age and with the same person so each partner can learn what the other enjoys. I especially love sensual foreplay. The tease is the best part." The coauthor of *When the Ice Melts: The Story of Coralyn Jewel* knows how to cap off her revelations with gusto: "I'm a squirter, and my most intense orgasms definitely come from anal." *—Photos by Rick Garcia*

"In my most far-out fantasy, my partner undresses and blindfolds me, then brings in multiple men to join him in pleasuring me. I will never know who they were. What matters is the intensity and excitement of the unknown."

Instagram: @CoralynJewel
Twitter: @SweetBlueCJ
Podcast: EmbraceYourSexuality.net
Website: TheCoralynJewel.com

ALEXANDRA PETROV

"I enjoy modeling," says Alexandra Petrov, 30, a farmer and content creator from Banja Luka, Bosnia and Herzegovina. (She's our very first Beaver from that European nation.) "But taking nude photos of myself for a world-famous magazine made it much more exciting. I hope your readers like me." The 5-foot-2 skin-mag rookie goes on to tell us, "I'm very honest and kind. My hobbies are fishing and gardening, and I also love dancing and music." Heating things up, Alexandra discloses, "I'm straight. I prefer extremely passionate sex, looking my partner in the eyes and feeling his body all over me. While we are going at it, I love being bitten, scratched and having my hair pulled, and anal sex always drives me crazy." Alexandra's most memorable encounter? "Having sex in the woods. I love being in nature, especially when I'm nude."

—Photos by Alexandra Petrov

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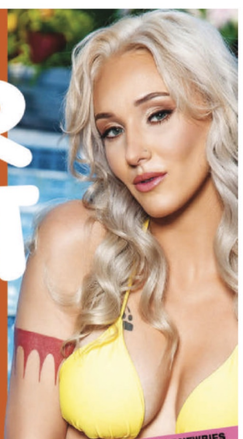

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THE BARBERSHOP

HUSTLER CLASSIC
SEPTEMBER 2005

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LAURENT SKY

Here are some safe shaving tips:
* Set aside time; pussy-shaving is not something you rush.
* Prepare your bush by wetting it down with hot water. This will soften and relax the hair and underlying skin.
* With small scissors, trim the pubic hair down to about 1/4-inch in length.
* Make a hot-water compress out of a wash-cloth and cover your whole pubic mound for two minutes.
* Apply shaving cream or soap bubbles. Using a brand-new razor, slowly begin shaving with the grain, then against it.
* First, shave under the slit, then the sides and finally the hair above the mound.
* Do not go over the same patch more than twice. Rinse the razor after each swipe.
* Afterward, rinse your pussy with warm water and check for stray pubes. Finally, gently rub your crotch with a dry, fluffy towel.
* With practice, you will improve your speed and technique.

COMING SOON

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE GOES ON SALE AUGUST 29, 2023
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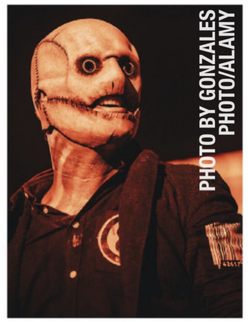

COREY TAYLOR

Corey Taylor is the most diverse singer in rock and roll. Period. End of discussion. Between Stone Sour and Slipknot he has sold 33 million records and toured the world many times over. Here he sits down with HUSTLER for an eye-opening. brutally honest interview with reporter Keith Valcourt.

MY FIRST DP

Yes, you are seeing double. No, you are not having a stroke …yet. DPs are twice as nice, and so are the divine divas who do it with such aplomb. HUSTLER speaks to five performers about their first two-for-one special in this tribute to multiplayer excitement. Interviews by John Blaylock.

BARELY LEGAL #194 FINISH ON MY FACE

Sweet, supple teens delight in deep-dicking and balls-and-all blowjobs before the grand finale: a deliciously hot jizz-dripping facial. Featuring Britt Blair, Scarlett Hampton, Mira Monroe and Demi Hawks. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

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